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The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly
Review of Literature,
Art & Life*

Vol.
XXXVI

March, 1900

No.
3

Mark Twain

Double-page Portrait in Color

By EVERETT SHINN

Two Glimpses of Blackmore

By HENRY T. BAILEY and G. H. P.

English Literature in the 19th Century

By LEWIS E. GATES

London Literary Notes

By CLEMENT K. SHORTER

John Ruskin

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

and

ROGER RIORDAN

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MARK TWAIN

From a pastel drawing by Everett Shinn

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXVI

MARCH, 1900

No. 3

The Lounger

MARK TWAIN, it is expected, will return to America in April. He will not, so his friends say, go back to his Hartford home. The place has too many painful associations. He still owns it, but it has not been occupied for years and is rapidly running down, as unoccupied houses will. The rumor that Mr. Clemens will settle at Princeton seems to lack foundation. A man likely to know told me recently that though there had been some talk about it, he was quite sure that it was not true. Just what Mr. Clemens will do no one knows, not even himself. He may stay here or he may return to Europe. The portrait given as a frontispiece to this number is one of Mr. Shinn's most successful efforts. The likeness is striking and the pose characteristic.



It is with no little pleasure that I have to announce that Mr. Clement K. Shorter will write a series of London Literary Notes for THE CRITIC. The first batch of these notes appears in this number. It would be difficult to find a man better equipped for this purpose. Mr. Shorter knows all that is going on in the literary world of London before anyone else knows it, and he knows what American readers are interested in through his visits to this country and his acquaintance with Americans visiting London. Mr. Shorter was until a few months past the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Now, backed by vast capital, he has launched a new weekly upon the market. *The Sphere* has seized the best features of the *News* and the *Sketch*, and combined and improved upon them. Besides being an editor of periodicals, Mr. Shorter is an editor and writer of books. He edited the Temple edition of the *Waverley Novels*, and is the author of "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle." His wife is the poet, Dora Sigerson.

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ENTERED AT NEW ROCHELLE POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has returned to America after her long residence in Samoa, and her many romantic voyages in strange waters and wild islands. She lives now in California, where she intends to build a house and make her home within sight and sound of the Pacific Ocean. Few women know as much of Polynesia as Mrs.



Photo. by R. W. Lane

New York

MRS. R. L. STEVENSON

Stevenson, who cheerfully accompanied her husband in his cruises among the South Sea Islands. She was equally at home upon a well-appointed yacht or a "cockroach schooner" hot with the smell of coprah, beguiling the time with infinite resource when the ship lay becalmed in the doldrums; undismayed by tempests or sudden squalls; and, whether upon a lonely atoll or under the palms in an island village, setting up her household gods and making each place a charming spot of homelike comfort.

She has started off on more than one voyage as an unwelcome passenger. The captain and crew wanted "no fine ladies aboard their ship," there was "no accommodation for ladies," and they were afraid they would have to put on their company manners with a feminine passenger on board. But where Mr. Stevenson went his wife followed, or, as a matter of fact, led the way and cleared the path. But invariably the end of a voyage found every man on board, from the captain to the Chinese cook, her devoted friend and servant. Her courage in an emergency, her uncomplaining fortitude in the matter of rats and cockroaches, her calm acceptance of South Sea customs, the pajamas, the bare feet, the manners on board a trading ship, called forth enthusiastic approval. She could cook like a French chef, bind up a wound as well as a surgeon, devise sports and invent games, and had invaluable remedies stowed away in a little old medicine chest. She looked after the health and comfort of the wild-mannered native sailors as kindly and unaffectedly as she taught Ah Foo to make bread with cocoanut toddy for yeast, or drew out the captain or mate to talk of his home and family.



A half-caste sailor once said, "Mr. Stevenson is good to me like my father, and his wife is the same kind of man." King Tembinoke said of Mrs. Stevenson, "She good; look pretty; plenty chench" (sense). Perhaps they both meant what the poet Edmund Gosse so well expressed when he wrote of her as being "so dark and rich-hearted like some wonderful wine-red jewel." But the best tribute in her praise came from the pen of her husband:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,
Steel true and blade straight,
The great Artificer
Made my mate.

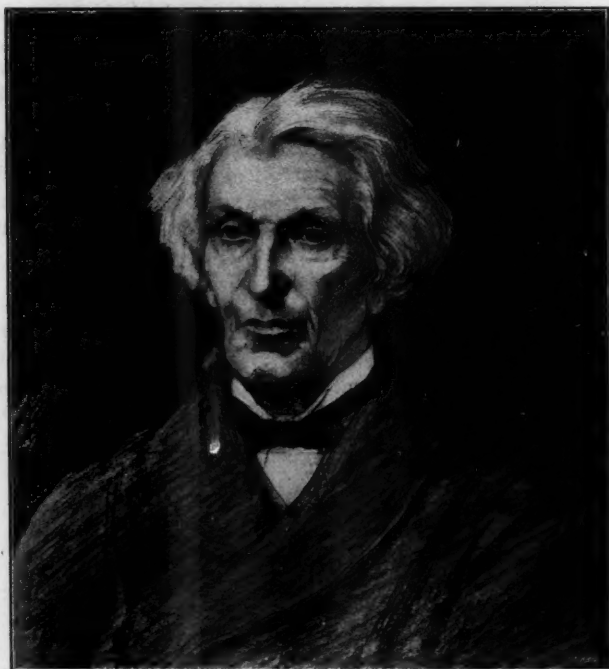
"Honour, anger, valour, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty Master
Gave to her.

"Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The august Father
Gave to me."



The action for three thousand francs damages brought by M. Brunetière (*Revue des Deux Mondes*) against M. Yves Guyot (*Le Siècle*) was extremely interesting. The point at issue was the right of M. Guyot to publish the private letters addressed to him by M. Brunetière without the writer's permission. M. Brunetière conducted his own case, and was awarded five hundred francs damages.

A writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* thus describes the late Dr. James Martineau: "Dr. Martineau's appearance was so striking that none who ever saw him could forget him. The tall, spare form; the sad, worn, deeply-lined face, clean-shaven, but crowned with thick hair which did not whiten until at an advanced age; the quick, eager glance; the agile step; the look which told of sorrow and of profound thought; the clear, slow, emphatic utterance—all told of one who had scaled the



From the

London Graphic

THE LATE DR. JAMES MARTINEAU

Drawn from life by T. Blake Wingman

loftiest heights of spiritual being. His speech was as unique as his style, the word fitting the thought with an exactitude which was wonderful, and the whole impressing one with its perfect artistic form. His physical frame was so well-knit and buoyant that, up to a very advanced age, he could scale the mountain side and take long walks every day during his summer residence in his Perthshire home. In London he would glide rapidly along the streets, almost like a shadow, threading his way dexterously through the busiest traffic. He was a voluminous reader and an untiring worker, but his work was always performed with perfect regularity."

Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to be the legitimate successor of George Eliot, though she has not that writer's faculty for inventing plots and telling stories. She has, however, much of the solidity of George Eliot and gives an impression of learning that pleases her readers with themselves. It is just as well in these days to have one novelist who aims at something more than being entertaining. Mrs. Ward seldom makes us take anything more than an intellectual interest in her characters, but she interests us tremendously in her own personality as felt through her books.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AND HER PET CAT

Count Tolstoy expresses his mind freely on personal and impersonal subjects. He said to an interviewer recently: "Although I am much better, my health is far from good. The end draws near. But I am quite untroubled thereat, and I go gladly forth to meet the inevitable." Later he remarked: "There is a great deal of talk about Ibsen. I have read his last drama, 'When we who are Dead Awaken.' It is simply a delirium, and is devoid of life, character, and dramatic action. Thirty-five years ago such a drama would have been stifled by a cutting parody in the Press, and the piece would have been ridiculed to death. How can one now speak of the serious tasks before the theatre? They are at an end."



R. D. BLACKMORE*

Drawn by Henry T. Bailey

Women playwrights are coming to the fore. There are, besides those already "arrived," Miss Ford and Mrs. De Mille, who have just scored a success with the play written for Mrs. Le Moyne, and Miss Constance Fletcher, known to her friends as "Dudu," and to the reading public as "George Fleming." Miss Fletcher is the author of "Mrs. Lessingham" and of "The Canary," which latter has been described as "one of the wittiest productions of a woman's brain." Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for whom it was written, has just ordered from her a romantic drama, verging on melodrama, adapted from one of Balzac's novels. Mr. Frohman has secured one of Miss Fletcher's plays, a modern comedy, entitled "A Man and his Wife," for production in America, and Mr. Wyndham has in his possession another play by the same writer. This goes to prove again that nothing is better for a playwright than to get a play produced.

* See page 219.

Under the auspices of that energetic society, "Le Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard," has just been published a valuable addition to Bergeracana. It is the playing version of the real Cyrano's "Pédant Joué," which is to be presented in Cambridge by members of the Cercle Français as their annual spring performance. It was from this play that Molière stole the famous *galère* scene,—an incident mentioned in the last act of Rostand's masterpiece. Mr. H. B. Stanton of the Senior Class has contributed an introduction on the subject of Bergerac that might be called a very pretty bit of reséarch. Mr. Stanton seems to have read all that has been written about the original of Rostand's hero and last summer was able to examine at first hand the various *dossiers* of the Bergerac family in the National Library of France. He advances a theory to prove that "Le Pédant" may never have been performed.



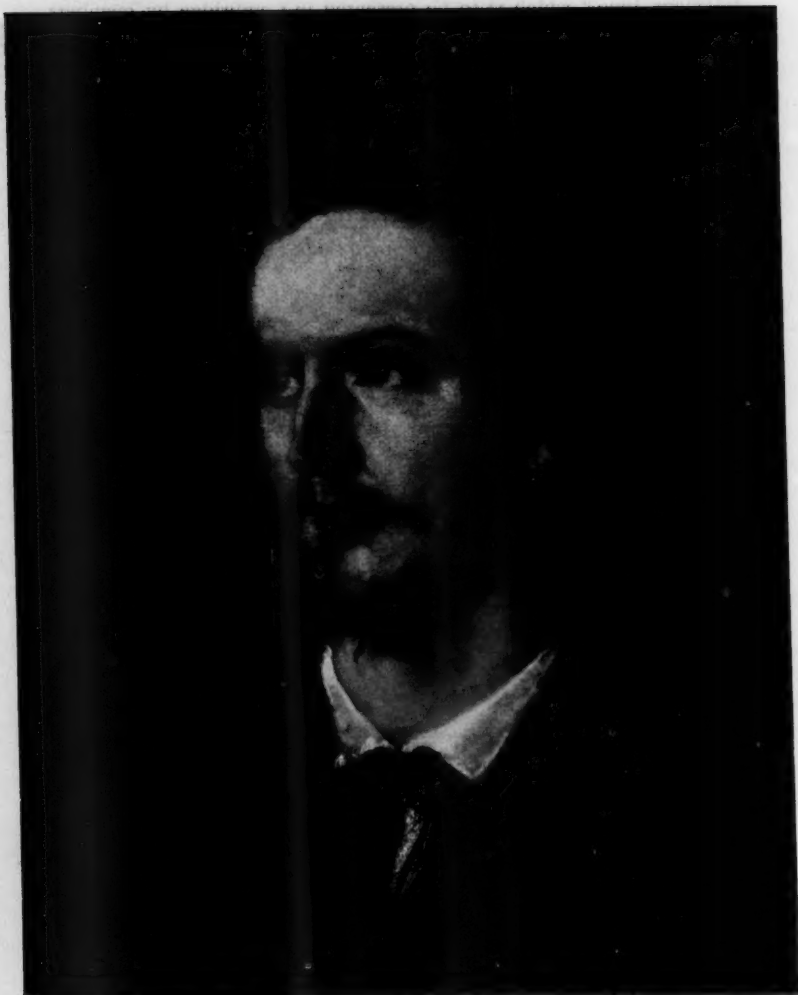
MR. BLACKMORE'S HOUSE AT TEDDINGTON*
Drawn by Henry T. Bailey

Sir Edwin Arnold has written twelve new poems for a birthday book which Lady Arnold edits. It is called "Golden Pages," from the line "For golden gleam those pages where names of friends do shine."



Swinburne and Meredith are the only two of the old guard of literature left, and neither is in the best of health. It seems strange that no one comes forward to fill the places of the famous dead. Thackeray and Dickens have had no successors, nor have Tennyson and Browning, nor Carlyle and Ruskin. The most marked falling off is in poetry. The clamor that is made over Stephen Phillips accentuates the dearth of poets as well as any amount of harping on that fact could do.

* See page 219.



MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

From the portrait by G. F. Watts
Photographed by F. Hollyer
By permission of F. Keppel & Co.

The original of this portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley has, together with a portrait of Shelley, just been bequeathed to the National Portrait Gallery, London, by Lady Shelley. It was painted by Richard Rothwell when Mrs. Shelley was forty-four years of age, twenty years after the death of the poet.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY

From the painting by Richard Rothwell

¶ An effort is being made to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the late Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Mrs. Lamb spent years of her life in historical work and died in debt. There is now not so much as a headstone at her grave. Her "History of the City of New York"

is one of the best-known books on the subject. As editor of the *Magazine of American History*, which really kept her poor, she was indefatigable and heroically devoted. It is now proposed to raise a thousand dollars for a memorial tablet which the New York Historical Society has agreed to accept and give a permanent place on its walls. Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. E. E. Salisbury, New Haven, Conn., or to Mr. H. B. Barnes, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

¶ *The Smart Set* has as its sub-title "a magazine of cleverness." It is not to be a "society journal," for which it should thank its stars, though the first number will contain a satire on New York society by two well-known satirists—Mr. H. C. Chatfield Taylor and Mr. Reginald de Koven. Other writers more or less well known will contribute, and Mr. M. Kennerley, formerly of the Bodley Head, will be the general manager. *The Smart Set* hopes to make reputations for its writers rather than tear down the reputations of its readers.

¶ Mr. Egerton Castle is what might be called an all-around man. He is an author, editor, publisher, dramatist, soldier, engineer. He writes

delightful novels, one of which, "The Pride of Jenico," written jointly with his wife, has been dramatized, and is soon to be produced by Mr. J. K. Hackett in New York. "The Light of Scarthey," though only recently published in this country, has gone into four editions. Mr. Castle writes as gracefully of fencing as of book-plates, and his essays are as bright as his novels.



Permission of the

MR. EGERTON CASTLE

F. A. Stokes Co.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, in connection with Dr. Blodgett of the School of Music of Smith College, has arranged a series of recitals illustrating the relations between poetry and music. Mr. Lee reads a poem and explains it while Dr. Blodgett interprets it on the piano after it is read. The first recital in the series was devoted to Sidney Lanier, who by the way was a musician as well as a poet and whose lines are always suggestive of music.



Mr. Francis Wilson is out with another privately printed book. The title of this one is "The Influence of the Stage upon the Pulpit." Only a hundred and eighty-six copies are printed, each numbered and signed with Mr. Wilson's autograph. The decorations are by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett, the vignettes by Mr. A. B. Frost.



MISS MABEL CLARE CRAFT
(From "The Land of Sunshine")

One of the brightest books of travel that have appeared for some time past is "Hawaii Nei," a new edition of which is published by Doxey of San Francisco. It is quite an ideal blend of history, description, and personal experience, written with sympathy, humor, and pungency. It will not be popular among the missionary folk who have seized the island for Brother Jonathan; but it will be heartily liked by people who love fair play, and don't look at everything from a strictly business point of view, or act on the principle that might makes right. To a man closely allied with the "missionary" government on the island, I remarked that it bore rather heavily on the missionary element. His reply—which I was hardly prepared for, considering his affiliations—was, that a book on Hawaii that did n't, would n't be good for much. Miss Mabel Clare Craft, the author, has recently become the Sunday editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*—a position to which few, if any, women have attained on any leading American newspaper. From *The Land of Sunshine* (to which I am indebted for the portrait accompanying

this note) I learn that she was the first woman to win the University of California gold medal, and that she has earned every step of her advancement in journalism.

In undertaking the publication of "Letters to Washington and Accompanying Papers," the Society of Colonial Dames has paid a tribute to the memory of the Father of his Country and has also rendered a service to those who are interested in American history. The letters, of course, differ greatly one from another in value, and it is probable that Washington, by whose forethought they were preserved, would be a good deal surprised to see some of them in type. However, this is an age when "documents" are in demand. There are able scholars to edit them and societies with funds to print them; and both deserve nothing but gratitude even when the wheat they bring us is unwinnowed. Apart from this question of selection, there is no doubt that, as Mr. Hamilton says, "the original letters, as received and indorsed by 'Washington,' supply not only the sequel to his own writings, but possess an independent value in exhibiting fully the opinions, designs, and acts of those who were associated with him, and furnish original facts of history not to be obtained from other sources." The letters included in the present volume begin with a letter "from the Hon^{ble} William Nelson, Esq.," dated Feb. 22, 1753, and end with an interesting pseudonymous epistle (probably from Col. Richard Bland), written in 1756. They are from a large number of correspondents, including Col. James Innes, William Fairfax, and Gov. Dinwiddie, and touch upon a great variety of topics, personal, military, and political. The leading matters of interest are, of course, the incidents of the old French war, and, in particular, Braddock's fiasco. On all these and other points of historical importance there are interesting passages; though it must be confessed that one who looks for connected reading will be somewhat discouraged. On the other hand, Mr. Hamilton has supplied excellent explanatory notes on persons and events.

Scribner's Magazine is making great preparations to "cover" the Boer War. Mr. E. H. Whigham, the champion amateur golf player and war correspondent is now in South Africa for *Scribner's*. He has his camera with him, and he is using it to good purpose. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davis have started for South Africa in the interests of the same magazine, and Mr. and Mrs. Kipling are already there. Mr. Kipling has gone mainly for his health, incidentally to write for the *London Times*.

The *London Outlook* has changed its shape to that of *The Spectator*. This is a great gain to the reader, for it gives him more of a very good thing, and it is a sign of prosperity that I, for one, am very glad to see in this witty and wise journal.

I take pleasure in reproducing the business card of Miss Edith Craig. It was designed by her brother, Mr. Gordon Craig. Miss Craig, who is Miss Ellen Terry's daughter, designed the costumes for "Robespierre," which have been as much admired in this country as in England. She is also designing the costumes for Mr. Robert Taber's new plays. Some of the most successful designers of costumes for the stage are women. In New York Mrs. Osborne and Miss Gerson are conspicuous, the former for fashionable costumes, the latter for "costume plays"; among the latter the most successful are those designed for "Barbara Frietchie."



MISS EDITH CRAIG

Has the honour to announce that in addition to designing and executing Theatrical Costumes, she is now prepared to carry out private orders for Ladies' Dresses of all kinds, Blouses for day and evening wear, Hats and Capes.

Miss Craig, while observing the fashions of the moment closely, will aim at following them only so far as they are in themselves attractive, and are suitable to each individual, being of opinion that the Mode should be a servant, not a master. In this way, originality of design and cut without eccentricity can be relied on. Beautiful Costumes in pictures carefully copied. Special attention given to Fancy Dress and Dominoes. Children's Clothes; exceptionally inexpensive and dainty, made at the shortest notice.



Literature cannot be in a flourishing condition in Australia when its most distinguished author, Mr. Henry Lawson, gives this advice to the literary aspirants of that country: "My advice to any young Australian writer whose talents have been admitted would be to go steerage, stowaway, swim, and seek London, Yankeeland, or Timbuctoo, rather than stay in Australia till his genius has turned to gall, or beer. Or failing this—and still in the interests of human nature and literature—let him study elementary anatomy, especially such as applies to the cranium, and then shoot himself carefully with the aid of a looking-glass." The latter part of this alternative prescription, it seems, has been taken already by two Australian writers.



PAGE FROM "IDYLLS OF THE LAWN"

"Idylls of the Lawn," a little book of six short stories selected from the *University of Virginia Magazine*, commands attention both for the excellence of the stories and for the artistic illustrations and make-up of the book. It certainly proves the assertion made in the preface that the stories far surpass many that find their way into our leading periodicals; but it is only fair to other universities and colleges to say that the stories are no better than the best from other college magazines which have not developed under the inspired mantle of Edgar Allan Poe. The literary influence which leads to imitation of an author is not a good influence, except as an exercise towards the evolution of an individual literary style. This fact Mr. Dent acknowledges in his preface when he says that the editors of this little book have sought such stories as show signs of that quality common to all greatness—originality. If, then, all imitations of Poe, of Hawthorne, of Kipling, and others have been thrown out, the references to Poe in

the preface are sentimental only, and not literary. The stories themselves, however, with the exception of "A Third Party," are mature in conception and expression, barring an occasional misrelated participle. They make the reader wish to know what are the "larger duties and responsibilities" upon which these undergraduate authors have entered. The ruling spirit of the book is Mr. Duncan Smith, who, with the publishers, The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company of Roanoke, has made an *édition de luxe*. The title-page, four full-page illustrations, two of them in photogravure after the original pen drawings, and all the head- and tail-pieces are his. He, too, is responsible for every detail of the make-up. Who is Mr. Duncan Smith? Mr. Smith is a graduate of the University of Virginia, class of '96, and has for two years studied at the Art Student's League. He has designed several magazine covers, seals, and book-plates, and furnished the design for the stamped leather cover of the copy of "Ave, Roma Immortalis," presented by Mr. Marion Crawford to his wife.



The office of Mr. R. H. Russell was thrown into excitement the other day by the receipt of a letter addressed to John Bunyan, Esq., in Mr. Russell's care. At first there was some hesitation about opening the letter, but after consultation it was decided to break the seal and investigate, for, as some one suggested, while it could have been addressed by an accident to Mr. Bunyan, the letter inside might be intended for Mr. Russell. But no, instead it bore the inscription "John Bunyan, Esq., care Mr. R. H. Russell, 3 W. 29th St., City," and read as follows:

"Will you not give me an order to send you all the reviews and notices which are now appearing about your new book? My Press Clipping Bureau, which reads every paper of importance published in the United States, and through its European Agencies all the leading papers published in Europe, could send you day by day every newspaper article which appears. My business is acknowledged to be the most complete and reliable Press Cutting Bureau in the world, and if you give me an order, I am sure you will find my services satisfactory. I remain, yours faithfully, HENRY ROMEIKE."



Enclosed in the envelope was a clipping from the Denver *Republican*, on "The Life of Mr. Badman," by John Bunyan, and referring also to the same author's "Pilgrim's Progress." Perhaps Mr. Romeike did not read the rest, and underscoring the name of the author wrote a letter calling his attention to the clipping, and soliciting his patronage. I doubt, even were John Bunyan alive at this day, he would patronize a press-clipping bureau. He wrote because he had something to say, and not because he wanted to know what people thought about it after he had said it.



As an illustration of illustrations that illustrate I commend those that are contributed to the "Essays of Elia" by Mr. C. E. Brock



Permission of

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB
(Drawn by Charles E. Brock)

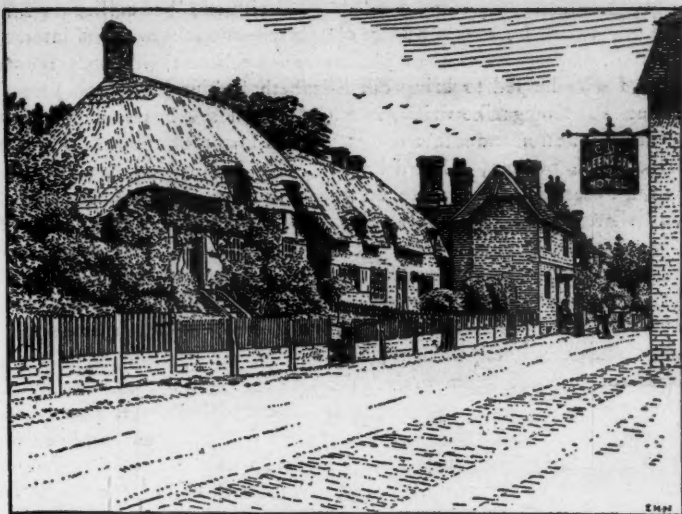
Messrs. Scribner

and to White's "Selborne," by Mr. E. H. New. We have already had a taste of Mr. New's quality in "The Complete Angler," to which this is a companion volume. Mr. Brock has illustrated before but never more

successfully than in these two pretty volumes.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll has just been reading Mr. Frank Munsey's pamphlet on magazine circulation, and he seems to take it for gospel truth. "Mr. Munsey says," writes Dr. Nicoll, "that the American circulation of *Harper's* and the *Century* cannot be very much, if at all, in excess of one hundred thousand copies each. He does not put *Scribner's* magazine at all higher. To circulate a hundred thousand is very well, but in these days it is not extraordinary." We do not take Mr. Munsey's as the final word on the circulation of other magazines than his own. If he places *Munsey's* circulation at six hundred thousand we believe him, because he ought to know, but I do not see how he can tell very accurately what the circulation of other magazines is. *McClure's* I believe claims four hundred thousand, and *The Ladies' Home Journal*—well—*The Ladies' Home Journal* must have reached the million mark by this time,—but this I did not learn from Mr. Munsey. *Harper's Magazine* does not tell its circulation. The *Century* and *Scribner's* do confide these interesting figures to their advertisers, but I do not think that if they are only at the hundred thousand mark they would say much about it. Dr. Nicoll does not think that the circulation of the majority of magazines is very big, judging by Mr. Munsey's figures, but I think he would change his mind if he got the reports direct from the publishers of the magazines.

Madame Duse, whose reticence has been the despair of newspaper men the world over, is just now the victim of gossip. Her name is coupled with that of the unsavory d'Annunzio. I learn, however, from those who are in a position to know, that the story is absolutely without foundation and is due only to the natural inclination of society to "hope for the worst."



SELBORNE STREET
(Permission of Mr. John Lane)

The late G. W. Steevens was almost as well known in this country as in England, and his books were as eagerly read here as there. In the literary reports printed in this number of *THE CRITIC*, and also in February, you will see "With Kitchener to Khartum" among the most-called-for books. Lord Kitchener's tribute to Mr. Steevens is as great a compliment as could be paid a war correspondent: "I was anxious to tell you how very sorry I was to hear of the death of Mr. Steevens. He was with me in the Sudan, and, of course, I saw a great deal of him and knew him well. He was such a clever and able man. He did his work as correspondent so brilliantly, and he never gave the slightest trouble—I wish all correspondents were like him. I suppose they will try to follow in his footsteps. I am sure I hope they will. He was a model correspondent, the best I have ever known, and I should like you to say how greatly grieved I am at his death."

24

Mr. Steevens was only thirty years of age. He was an Oxford man and a student whose best work was before him. Mr. Henley is credited with being his discoverer in the days of the *National Observer*. At the age of twenty-six he married a woman over sixty, but their married life, though short, was a thoroughly happy one. Merton Abbey, Lord Nelson's house, just outside of London, was their home. There Mrs. Steevens, who is a woman of ample means, devotes herself to philanthropic work.

Charles Godfrey Leland, the "Hans Breitmann" of earlier days, is one of those authors—not a large company—who take as much interest in the literary career of their juniors as they do in their own. It was Leland who helped to bring out Elizabeth Robins (now Mrs. Joseph Pennell) as a magazine writer, in a field which she has since made so successful, and now another instance of his inspiration crops up in the career of his nephew, Edward Robins. Mr. Robins has been chosen by the Putnams to inaugurate their new series of biographical studies with sketches of the lives of "Twelve Great Actors" and "Twelve Great Actresses." Nearly twenty years ago, when Mr. Leland lived in Philadelphia, he loved to sally out into the countryside to "hunt gypsies," looking, in his picturesque greatcoat and slouch-hat, like some Norse giant. With him would go Miss Robins, her brother, and sometimes Joseph Pennell, then a young artist just beginning to make a name for himself. Sometimes others would join the party, among them a daughter of the late Senator Bayard of Delaware, who spoke Romany like a native and who was always received with peculiar distinction by the gypsies because her middle name of Lee happened to be as familiar a one among them as Lovell, or Costello. To see these "Gorgios" (Gentiles) descend on a new camp, and start unblushingly to tell the gypsies their own fortunes, in their own tongue, was a sight for gods and men. All that gypsying is over; it has long ceased in the Quaker City to be accorded the dignity of a fad.



Mr. Leland now lives in Florence with his wife (Miss Fisher of Philadelphia, whom Thackeray called the "prettiest woman in America"); the Pennells make their home in London. Mr. Robins, who still lives in Philadelphia, seems to have forgotten the Romanies. He has not, at least, written of them, as his uncle and sister have done, but he has made some very entertaining contributions to theatrical literature. The announcement that Messrs. Putnam have chosen a Philadelphian, in the person of Edward Robins, to write their two projected volumes on "Twelve Great Actors" and "Twelve Great Actresses," is a fresh proof that the Quaker City is coming more and more to the front as the home of literary men. There is no longer any point to the story of the popular magazine writer who was assigned to write an article, many years ago, on "Literary Philadelphia," and found that there was no one to speak of except George H. Boker, the author of "Francesca da Rimini." What with Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Furness, Mrs. Wister, Miss Repplier, Frank R. Stockton, Talcott Williams, Harrison Morris, and a host of others, Philadelphia now has more than a fair quota of literary men and women.



Two volumes that have been ripening for Messrs. Putnam for several years have come to maturity at an opportune time. The first is the "Life of Alexander the Great," by President Wheeler of the University of California. It was ten years ago that Messrs. Putnam

suggested to President Wheeler, then a professor at Cornell University, the preparation of a biography of Alexander, to be published as a volume in their "Heroes of the Nations" series. By the time this work was ready for publication, the public interest in Napoleon and in Lincoln had, for the time being, run its course. The editors of the *Century* felt that the biography of some other popular hero was demanded of them, and lo, here was Alexander ready to their hand. Negotiations for the magazine rights were completed with the author and publishers. Thus Alexander is to appear in the "Heroes of the Nations" series with its prestige enhanced by previous publication in the *Century* magazine.

Again, six years ago, Messrs. Putnam suggested to Mr. Charles Firth, the eminent English authority on the Cromwellian period, that he should write the life of Cromwell for the "Heroes" series. But Mr. Firth was engaged in writing about Cromwell for the "National Dictionary of Biography"—he contributed to this work a very large proportion of the articles on subjects related to the Cromwellian period—and the writing of the life had to proceed slowly. The work is now finished, in time to ride on the crest of the Cromwellian wave.

From the point of view of "news value," as the newspaper man has it, Mr. Firth's book will "beat" all other works. For the author—who by the way is a lecturer on Constitutional History at Oxford, and a historian of undoubted authority—has made a special study of the battle-fields of the Cromwellian wars, and announces that the published plans of the battles of Naseby, Worcester, and Dunbar, which have simply been copied from early documents for the histories and biographies of the day, are all erroneous, for the reason that the original drawings were made in a careless manner by men who, he believes, never examined the sites of these battles, or, at any rate, did not have a sufficient knowledge of the art of war to prevent their bungling the data in their hands. Mr. Firth, moreover, asserts that his personal examination of the field of Naseby makes it an utter impossibility for the battle to have been fought according to the plans of it preserved in the British Museum. These ancient battle-plans have, however, been used by all other biographers of Cromwell, even the most recent.

The "Players' Edition" of the acted plays of Shakespeare, which Messrs. Doubleday & McClure Co. announce, was the suggestion of a young lady who is devoted to the stage though not of it. The idea was that the actor or actress best known in the leading part should supply an introduction to each play. The most distinguished actors at once fell into her plan. Miss Ada Rehan will lead off with the "Taming of the Shrew" for which she has written a most delightful introduction. Sir Henry Irving will follow with "The Merchant of Venice," while Mme. Modjeska, Miss Julia Marlowe, and the others will not be far behind. Each volume will be profusely illustrated.

One outcome of the present enormous increase in the output of fiction is the opportunity it gives to any person who happens to be unscrupulous and intelligent. Such a person need only hit upon some good but forgotten book, copy it, and submit it as an original MS. Readers and publishers cannot be familiar with the text of every book that has appeared. The chances are good that the MS. may meet with approval. Recently an author sent to Messrs. Putnam a story entitled "Aboard 'The American Duchess'." It was examined by five readers and the general opinion was to the effect that it deserved to be put into print. Three or four days after it was published, a well-known customer came into the Putnams' retail store, picked up the "American Duchess," which happened to be at hand, and began to read it. Presently he called one of the salesmen. "Do you know," he asked, "that you sold me this book two years ago, under a different name?"

It was true. The customer hunted up the work in his library and sent it to the Putnams. It was entitled "The Queen of Night." It had been written by Headon Hill, and published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., London, Melbourne, and New York. Comparison of the "American Duchess" and "The Queen of Night" showed that the American "author" had shifted the first scenes of the story from London to New York, had altered the names of the characters, had occasionally substituted words and phrases of his own for those used by the author of "The Queen of Night," and had made a few minor alterations in the situations. But the plot, most of the incidents, the contents of most of the paragraphs, even the phraseology of many of the sentences, were the same in both books. The publishers immediately sent to the author of "The Queen of Night" an explanation and an honorarium. What action they will take against the alleged author of the "American Duchess" remains to be seen.



Permission of

Messrs. Scribner

A DISSERTATION ON ROAST PORK

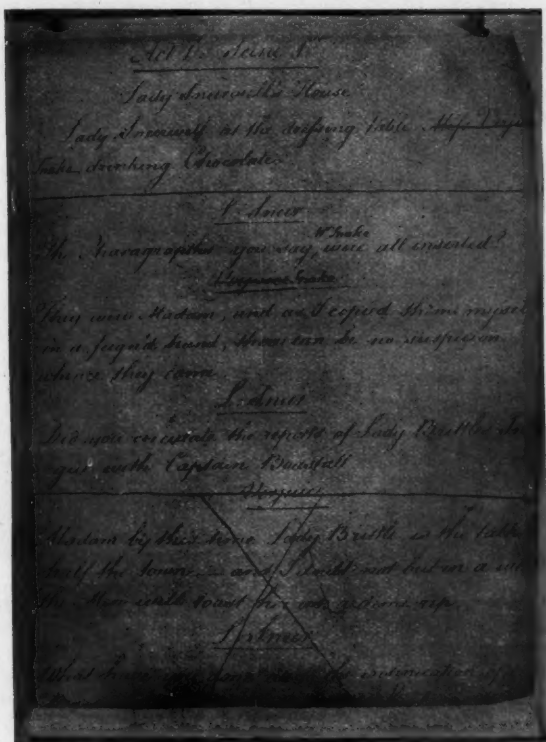
(Drawn by Charles E. Brock)

Some Treasures of the Daly Library

BY CAROLYN SHIPMAN

In the London *Morning Herald* of Thursday, March 6, 1834, appeared the following information:

"Sheridan's 'School for Scandal.' The MS. copy of this celebrated comedy, which was supposed to have been entirely destroyed in the late fire at Mr. Fairburn's in Duke-street, Adelphi, on Wednesday evening, is the identical copy which was transmitted by Mr. Sheridan to the late William Chetwynd, Esq., then Deputy Lord Chamberlain, previously to its being performed. It was entrusted by Sir George Chetwynd about a fortnight since to Mr. Fairburn to be bound in the most perfectly classical style, and was nearly completed when the fire



MS. PAGE FROM "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

happened. On removing part of the ruins yesterday the MS. was discovered, and not so much injured as to be quite irrestorable by inlaying and mounting. Parts of the comedy are varied. The character of Miss Verjuice (as originally written) is consolidated with that of Lady Sneerwell, and there are many minor alterations which are

curious and interesting to the admirers of the drama. Whenever this MS. is restored to its owner, we venture to express a hope that he will bequeath it to the British Museum, whose indeed it ought to be."

The MS. in question was not bequeathed to the British Museum. It is now in the library of the late Augustin Daly, awaiting sale.

The fire referred to was described in the *Morning Herald* of Thursday, February 27, 1834, as having destroyed the workshop in the house of Mr. Fairburn, a book-binder at 10 Duke-street, Adelphi. The MS., bound in the "perfectly classical style" mentioned, now shows the scorching which it received in its escape from destruction. The *Gentleman's Magazine* comments on it thus:

"It is rendered still more interesting from having several inter-lineations and emendations in the handwriting of Sheridan, which mark the quickness of his conception in improving several passages which it might have been thought almost impossible to mend."

The Chetwynd book-plate appears on the inside of the cover, and on the first left-hand fly-leaf is a memorandum in the clear handwriting of Sir George Chetwynd of Grendon Hall (10 Sept., 1834) to this effect:

"This is the identical copy of 'The School for Scandal' which was transmitted by Mr. Sheridan to my grandfather, William Chetwynd, Esq., the 'Examiner of all Entertainments of the Stage' under the Lord Chamberlain, previously to it's [*sic*] being performed. After my grandfather's death on 6th October, 1778, this, with numerous other MS. Plays was found in his house in Old Burlington street, London, by the late Mr. Brookes of Stafford (Mr. Chetwynd's solicitor and sole acting executor), and in September, 1833, Francis Brookes, Esq. of Moss Pit, near Stafford, his eldest son, presented this MS. to me."

Opposite this history of the MS. are the two *Herald* clippings which I have quoted. On the next (left) fly-leaf is the clipping from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Following that page is a three-quarters mezzotint of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Sheridan,—an unusually fine copy which brings out the brilliancy of the playwright's eyes.

The next page is a half-length engraving of the same portrait, opposite which, in the faded handwriting of Sheridan, is the recommendation of the play to the examiner:

"SIR: If the following Comedy called 'The School for Scandal' meet the approbation of the Lord Chamberlain, we shall have it performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

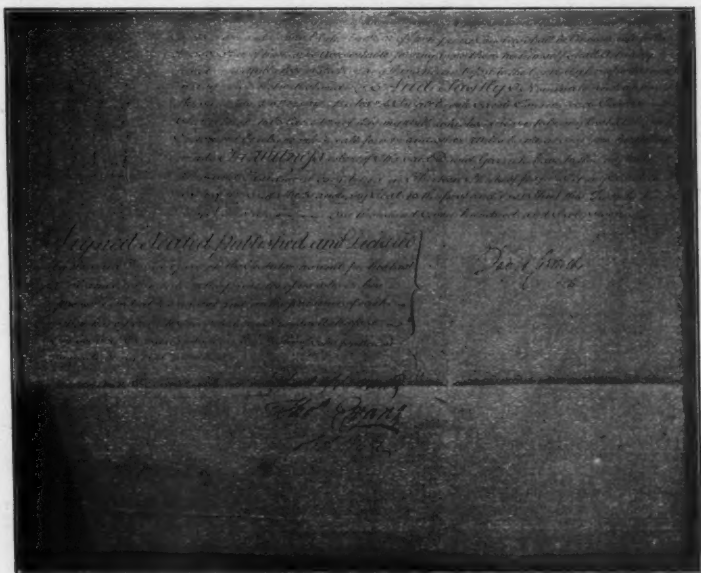
"R. B. SHERIDAN,
"for Self and Proprietors.

"May 7, 1777."

The Prologue occupies one page and part of another. An engraving of Reynolds's portrait of Mrs. Abington, who first played the part of Lady Teazle, faces the page containing the *Dramatis Personæ*. The name of Miss Verjuice, the last of the women in the list, is marked from the page by a large cross. Then follows Act I., Scene I., with the excisions which are shown in the accompanying reproduction.

Loose in the back of the book are seven old play-bills, four of them dated thus: April 8, 1779 ("23rd time this season"), December 3, 1794, October 28, 1806 ("25th time"), and March 26, 1816 ("152nd"). The MS. is bound in Russia, blind-tooled, and is stamped on both sides with the Chetwynd book-plate.

A near neighbor of this treasure, in one of the compartments of the famous Garrick desk in the library, is "A Prompter's Copy of 'The School for Scandal,'" with brown morocco back. H. Holl, writing of this book to Dr. Halliwell Phillipps on January 13, 1854, says that he does not even know how it came into his possession; that some one told him that it was the prompt-book of the Old Bath Theatre, and that it was marked by a rather celebrated prompter of that day whose



END OF GARRICK'S WILL

name he did not remember. "One thing, however, I do know," he writes, "that it is an excellent prompt-book, and that whoever marked it was a practised hand, and knew exactly what he was about. As I am tolerably well acquainted with the subject," he continues, "I can vouch for the correcting of the cuttings and 'gags,' as they are called, and that the stage directions are faultless."

In the central compartment of this Garrick desk are sixteen huge volumes of the "Life and Correspondence of David Garrick." Volume IV. contains the actor's first (unpublished) will on thirteen sheets of folio paper. It is dated March 23, 1767, and contains the names of three witnesses, Chas. Holland, Thos. Evans, and Thos. Wyld. The

fact that the autograph agrees with the one in the Ashburnham Collection, to a warrant under the sign manual of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, dated January 1, 1654, directing the payment of salaries due to certain officers of the Parliament and others, with the original autographs of the receivers.

The autograph does not strikingly resemble the facsimile autograph in the Trinity College MSS. which this same edition contains. But that fact proves nothing, one way or the other. The testimony of handwriting is exceedingly uncertain.

Still another Milton is to be found in this library besides the first edition of "Paradise Regained" (1671). This is the first edition of the poems, a small 8vo in the original calf, dated 1645. Lowndes describes it as the "First Collective Edition, and the first work bearing Milton's name, with an oval portrait, ætat 21, by W. Marshall, with a Greek inscription, intended by the poet as a satire on the engraver for representing him as of middle age."

The Marshall portrait, which is very rare, is herewith reproduced with the title-page. The portrait alone is worth at least one hundred dollars. Bound in the book as it is, it enhances the value of the edition tenfold.

One of the great pleasures of working in such a library as Mr. Daly's is the discovery of unknown treasures. When I was selecting subjects for photographs to accompany this article, I remembered a little water-color drawing of Thackeray by himself, hanging in a worn gilt frame beside a piece of the wood of Peggotty's house,—in Mr. Daly's fourth-floor den. I decided upon that. But when it came to be photographed, the glass over it so reflected the light that the plate could not be satisfactorily made. The drawing had to be removed from the frame. On removing it, I discovered that the sketch had been washed in on the third page of a sheet of writing paper. And on the first and second pages I found a letter from Thackeray to Lady Molesworth. The signature is missing, for the sheet was cut off in order to fit it to the frame,—evidently one that the owner had in the house! But the body of the note is there, with the exception of one line, and possibly two, which were under the signature. Lady Molesworth—if she it was who framed the picture—evidently did not value the letter as an autograph of Thackeray, or she would have turned the paper up rather than cut it off.

The letter reads as follows:

"KENSINGTON, Apr. 2, 1849.

DEAR LADY MOLESWORTH,

Solomon in all his glory, I am sure, never had such a waistcoat as I shall have the honor of sporting at your party on Sunday 16. I imagine myself already attired in the brocade (see the next page): I will try, however, and not lose my head with vanity, or fancy all the ladies in love with me as most men would if they had such a garment. It is lying before me now; and almost too splendid to

[two (?) lines missing]

(Madame having been slain at the threshold) I will put on the waist-



FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING OF THACKERAY BY HIMSELF

coat and say, 'Citizens! respect the citizeness who gives of her riches!

Before you touch the hem of her garment, strike through the ^{waistcoat} ~~breast~~ of Titmarsh! See — they are of the same piece!' and the citizens will cheer you, and your beautiful house and furniture will be safe. As for me, I will wear your colours as long — as long as they will hold together, and I am told that there is enough for 2 waistcoats for a slim man like

Your very much obliged "

[Signature missing.]

It is curious to note that Thackeray omits the "u" in "honor" (line 2), and introduces it into "colours" farther on.

There is little doubt that Mr. Daly himself did not know of the existence of this autograph letter hidden by the drawing, for the dull blue paper which seals the back of the picture was unbroken when it was unframed. Across the middle of the back, on an oblong space of board left uncovered by the paper, are the three lines, "Lot 322, Lady Molesworth's sale, Christie, Manson & Woods."

The possibilities of this magnificent library are so vast that a new discovery might be made every day for months, now that the one is gone who could point out the riches of his collection.

Two Glimpses of Blackmore

Blackmore at Seventy-Three*

BY HENRY TURNER BAILEY

[Richard Doddridge Blackmore, who will always be known as the author of "Lorna Doone," though he wrote a number of other books, was born in 1825 at Longworth, in Berkshire (England), and not, as most people imagine, in Devon. He died on the 20th of January at his home in Teddington, not far from London, in the direction of Hampton Court. Like Du Maurier, Blackmore got very tired of the praises of his most popular novel. Du Maurier thought "Peter Ibbetson" a better story than "Trilby." Blackmore thought "Springhaven" a better book than "Lorna Doone." Du Maurier may have been right. Blackmore certainly was wrong. Mr. Edward Marston, Blackmore's publisher, says of him: "He was a John Ridd sort of man, big-boned, a real West-countryman, and no nonsense about him. He had no affectations, did not care a rap for society or anything of that sort, but liked to live in a quiet, simple way." Blackmore was buried at Teddington by the side of his wife, who died twelve years ago.]

FROM London to Teddington; what a change! One is astonished to learn that but twelve miles will measure the distance between the rush and rattle and roar of the foggy, smoky, one might almost say skyless, metropolis of the world, to the peaceful little village where

* A letter written to Mr. Charles R. Ballard of Middleton Springs, Vt., whose intimate friendship with Mr. Blackmore was developed through a correspondence covering many years. The sketch of that part of the house which holds Mr. Blackmore's study, reproduced herewith, is made from the drawing to which reference is made in the letter. The sketch of Blackmore was drawn from memory, the morning after the visit. One who had seen Mr. Blackmore during these last years of his life has said that the likeness is good and that I have caught something of his shrewd and kindly look. Inasmuch as no photographs of Mr. Blackmore could be obtained in London or elsewhere in 1898, the sketch may be of some slight value as the record of an eye-witness.—H. T. B.

birds sing and trees dream in the sunshine and the dear author of "Lorna Doone" waits for the word to go where he shall be crowned with stars. It is

"A quiet nook in a pleasant land"—

this home of R. D. Blackmore. To find it one has but to turn to the right from Teddington station, to the right again and yet again, and to push open the first gate on the right. The house, two stories in height, is of yellow brick, half hidden by shrubbery and clambering vines.

A spaniel came from his kennel to greet me, and after a well-bred but thorough scrutiny he accompanied me graciously part way to the front door under the oleander, and watched respectfully while I knocked. A maid as neat as a cherry answered and invited me into a little parlor while she carried my letter of introduction to the master. The room was furnished in good taste but not expensively; magazines and books lay here and there invitingly, and the large window in the bay called my attention to the smooth green lawn and the handsome cedars which screen the house from the Southwestern Railway.

Presently the master appeared, my letter unread, save the name, in his hand. He looked me straight in the eye, gave me a warm, hearty grasp of the hand, bade me welcome, and asked me to be seated and to excuse him while he read the letter.

During the reading I took my never-to-be-forgotten mental photograph. I had seen just one engraving of his face. Now I know it was a poor one. The face before me is much finer in line and more spiritual. The head is well modelled; long thin hair almost white was combed from one side over the ivory top, though now in artistic disorder, for Mr. Blackmore has just come in from the garden where he has been superintending the planting of some bulbs for next spring's growing. His face is clean shaven, but the beard is allowed to make a silvery fringe above the long-pointed rolling collar, which is very becomingly unbuttoned at the throat.

I was just thinking how my friends in America would like such a picture as a frontispiece for "Lorna" or "The Maid of Sker," when Mr. Blackmore looked up with a kindly smile, and said:

"Would you like to come up to my little den? There is a cheerful fire there, and perhaps we can talk better."

The room to which we ascended was cosy. A fire of coke glowed in an open grate in the centre of the east wall. At the right stood a bookcase, and next to it, near the south window, a little writing-desk; at the left of the mantel a window let in the light from the east. I went to that window and looked out over the mellow-colored Middlesex landscape,—a typical English landscape, suggesting peaceful homes of thrift and happiness, homes where such people as "Uncle Cornie" and "Kit" and "George Cranleigh" lived their pure, strong, helpful lives. In the opposite corner of the room was a high couch. The north and west walls were lined with books.

The maid came in with a flask of wine, a jar of crackers, and two small, exquisitely proportioned glasses, which she placed upon a little table near her master's chair by the fireside. She drew up for me a chair of antique pattern, and retired as noiselessly as a cloud shadow.

"I do hope, Mr. Blackmore, that your health has improved since the time of writing the kind note that gave me permission to call," I said, as I took the seat by the fire.

"Yes, I am a bit easier to-day; but I am in constant pain," he replied. "I have an incurable disease which is gradually wasting me away. How much do you think I have lost in girth during the last few months?"

My host paused, flask in hand, and turned towards me with a merry twinkle in his eye and a most jovial smile.

"I am sure I could not guess."

Mr. Blackmore laughed softly. "My tailor came last week to measure me for clothes. He said I'd lost seven inches since the last! I was hearty and robust a year ago, quite an agriculturalist in appearance; now I'm almost nothing—I'm seventy-three years old, but that is ten years older than I was last year! Here is to your health, Mr. Bailey!"

"And here is to yours, most heartily. If wishing could do it, you would be well this moment."

The wine was of some fine old vintage, mellow and golden like a clear sunset, and as delicious as the soft sweet voice whose tone and rhythm recalled the music of that wonderful description in "*Lorna Doone*": "Now the spring was in our valley, peeping first for shelter slyly, in the pause of the blustering wind."

It is useless for me to attempt to recall in detail the conversation to which I listened for more than an hour. Mr. Blackmore would talk freely of his own work in reply to questions, but at every pause he would gently and gracefully slide off into asking questions about America and American life, and into delicate praises of his American friends who had been so good as to call upon him or to write to him. I was astonished at his accurate memory of facts regarding them: their names, residences, occupations, what they had said and done, their friends, their travels, their likes and dislikes.

He was interested in our political life, and I discovered, after a while, that he was more than ordinarily well informed upon our parties and their methods. A mention of Tammany and the corruption in our cities led to several charmingly told bits of his own experience with the administration of justice in England. Mr. Blackmore was at one time a lawyer, a member of Temple Bar, with chambers in London.

"But I became a farmer," he concluded, "just as your George Fuller did. I have a sketch downstairs he made for Lorna, but it represents her as too young."

"No one can picture Lorna as she is in your word-pictures. Chris Hammond has been more successful with Driel, in one sketch at least

—that where she is praying. By the way, how could you make your Caucasus scenery so real? Have you travelled there?"

"Oh, no; but I studied the region very thoroughly with books and photographs of scenery and costumes until I could see the country."

Then Mr. Blackmore gave a jolly account of his attempts to get the materials he wished for study. As he talked, slowly, distinctly, with such perfectly constructed sentences and happy choice of words, I was constantly reminded of our Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge, whose charming personality is so familiar to those who have heard him "think aloud" about Greek art and the arts in America.

"It is odd 'Lorna' should have been so popular. There is no reason for it. Walter Crane says 'The Maid of Sker' is a better book; but 'Lorna' became the fashion. She has brought me a greater return in money than all my other children together, ten times over. The average novel reader does not care for literary form; finish counts for nothing with him. I doubt if he cares to notice even grammatical construction. He reads for story simply. I have just read a novel much better than the average both in story and in style. Do you know it—'Children of the Mist,' by a Mr. Phillpotts? The book happens to be dedicated to me. I do not know whether this young man belongs to our old family of that name and is descended from the famous bishop or not; but he has done very well with the story, much better than I could have done. Strange to say, no reviewer has noticed the book, so far as I know. It is well worth reading, nevertheless, and deserves to be popular. I wish you would read it, and tell others about it."

"Do you manage to write now?"

"No; I have tried recently, but have had to give it up. I take nothing but slops—no solid food of any kind; and I do not sleep nights, except under medical treatment. I find my brain will not work as it ought. I am almost past now," he added, with a smile like sunshine.

I felt that I had made too long a visit, and rose to go.

"Don't hurry," he said; "please do not go. Let me ask the maid to bring you a cup of tea."

But I knew the conversation must have been an effort for him, though it was not apparent. He accompanied me to the door, and catching up on the way his hat of dark straw and his stick, he insisted upon showing me out to the station by a short cut through his pear orchard. As we were about to turn a bend in the walk, I glanced back for a final view of the snug house. The late afternoon sun bathed everything with orange light and toned wall and walk, lawn and oleander, cedar and silver birch, into a picture of rare beauty. I had a few moments yet before my train left, and I begged the privilege of making a sketch.

"Why, certainly, if you wish it. Let me send for a chair for you."

The chair was brought and I began the sketch, urging my kind host

to think no more of me. But so long as I was his guest his generous heart could not do that. Presently the pretty maid appeared with a cup of delicious tea and a pot of cream; and before I left Mr. Blackmore came out to me again, bringing some luscious pears of his own growing.

As we went along the walk to the gate I noticed a dead crow upon a pole in a tree.

"I see you have hung one thief recently," I remarked.

"Yes," he said, "I was obliged to. They used to gather for symposiums in my meadow and then adjourn to my garden; I could have nothing until I took extreme measures with one of them."

He sent his kindest greetings to his friends in America whom I might happen to see, and wished me a pleasant journey home.

As I bade him good-by at the gate, I murmured, "God bless the dear, sweet spirit!" His last book written, health gone, life fast ebbing into the eternal sea; yet so calm, so patient, so cheerful, so unselfish!

I left him there in the sunset light, with a smile upon his face, and as the train bore me back into the smoke of great London, it seemed to me that we moved not; that I and my friends were still, that England and the world were still, and that Blackmore was moving, going, going into the glowing west, as went Emerson and Tennyson. I longed to send to him a final word of cheer, to send him Emerson's word, and the word that came to Emerson from out the unspeakable glory:

"As the bird trims her to the gale
You trim yourself to the storm of time,
Man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:

"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

LONDON, October 27, 1898.

An Afternoon with Blackmore

BY G. H. P.

IN 1890, in connection with an authorized American edition of "Lorna Doone" that G. P. Putnam's Sons had in press, I took occasion to call upon Mr. Blackmore at his fruit farm at Teddington in order to secure from him a new introduction to the book. I found him cordially interested in the suggestion; and he told me, in fact, that he was very glad to have an opportunity of giving a word of greeting to the transatlantic readers of his favorite book, readers whom he had come to think of as personal friends even although (as he mentioned rather plaintively) their approval of his book had not heretofore brought to the author any substantial recognition.

The new introduction, as finally written, closed with the words:

"So shall the friend who writes indite of good-will to the friend who reads; though dreary waters stretch between them, and long travel of the sun.

Conditur oceano sol noster; vester obortus.
Lux nequit exstingui solis utrius—amor."

*So shall the friend who writes indite
Of good-will to the friend who reads;
Though dreary waters stretch between them,
& long, travel of the sun.*

*Conditur - oceano sol noster; vester obortus.
Lux nequit exstingui solis utrius - amor.*

*R. D. Alackson
June 1890.*

I was myself naturally interested in having opportunity through this business errand of coming into personal relations with an author whose name had long been familiar to me, and in securing an impression of his home life. I suppose that at this time he was about sixty-five years old. He had the look of a well-preserved farmer. He had evidently passed much of his life in the open air, which had given to his complexion the ruddy coloring that one associates with the fruit of his beloved Devonshire. He was, as is, of course, well known, the son of a rural rector. He had been sufficiently interested in intellectual pursuits to make his way from the counting-house, through an Exeter school scholarship, to Exeter College, Oxford, where his work as a student had been done, if not brilliantly, at least with full credit. He had later "eaten his dinners" in one of the inns in London, and had given some years to work at the Bar. The love of country life and the interest in literature proved, however, strong enough to offset the ambition (which I believe had been rather his father's than his own) for distinction in the law. For a number of years he had made his home in the country and had devoted a large portion of his working hours to the cultivation of fruit, and the remainder to the production of his novels. He was not, in the rather critical sense in which the term is generally used, a "gentleman farmer." He possessed a very practical knowledge of all the details of the work of his fruit gardens, and a full measure of manual labor was, as he told me, always given by the master himself to the care of each vine and of each tree. I had before heard of the exceptional success that had come to him in producing, under the

uncertain influences of the English climate, most beautiful and perfect specimens of fruit.

It was pleasant to have an opportunity on a sunshiny day in June of seeing and of tasting these specimens for myself. The Blackmore fruit garden stretched down a sunny slope towards the river, and was, as is the fashion in English gardens, carefully protected on the colder or windier sides by a mass of brick walls. Against these walls were trained the peaches, nectarines, plums, and pears. The greater portion of the garden space was given to grapes, of which there were many varieties. The old gentleman walked with me from bed to bed, giving the history of each planting and some record of the results secured. I was surprised to learn that notwithstanding his own personal and evidently intelligent care, care which ought to have secured the largest results for the smallest outlay, and notwithstanding also the fact that in Covent Garden market, only thirty miles away, the buyers of fine fruit were ready to pay and did pay higher prices than were paid anywhere else in Europe, Mr. Blackmore's fruit farming was, in not a few years, run at a loss. He explained to me that he found it necessary from time to time to apply the receipts from his novels to make up the deficiencies on his grapes. The principal difficulty, as far as I could understand the matter in the brief word for which there was time, was caused by the competition of the fruit from Normandy and from Belgium and by the illiberal management of the single line of railroad by which his own shipments had to be made. It appeared that the five or six lines competing with each other for the Continental traffic made so much lower rates for the farmers of France and of Belgium than they were willing to offer to English fruit-growers at points not within reach of competing lines, that, in spite of the great advantage of proximity to the market, the English farmer's freight was so heavy as not infrequently to use up his margin of profit. The lack of profit on the fruit was, of course, a disappointing circumstance, but it seemed to affect very little Mr. Blackmore's interest in his work. It was evident that the fruit farm would be continued as long as the receipts from the novels would permit, and it was, I believe, in fact, continued until the day of his death.

In the corner of the piazza (itself a rather exceptional feature in an English house) I noticed a chess-board that gave evidence of use. My host admitted that he had in earlier years been a devoted chess player, and had, in fact, taken active part in certain of the national matches. I remembered the entry of the name of Blackmore in these chess records, but I had not before identified it with the author of "Lorna Doone." The chess was, as he suggested it would be, somewhat rusty, but there remained enough of his old-time science to enable him to secure, at least in this first contest, a rather sweeping victory over his American antagonist. In later visits I managed to even up the record, as not even the earlier tournament experience was sufficient to make good the novelist's lack of practice.

He spoke with interest of the Western Continent, and with regret that his advancing years would probably make it impossible for him ever to visit it. He had, in fact, as he admitted, a very keen horror of the ocean. Mr. Blackmore was one of the few writers whose own preference for his productions was in accord with that of his reading public. He admitted that, notwithstanding the more careful and as he believed the more finished work given to his later stories, "Lorna Doone" had always been his own favorite. I could not but feel a personal pleasure as well as a publisher's gratification in being permitted to make a fresh introduction to a later generation of American readers of this famous story which has now held its repute for a quarter of a century.

The Convicts

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON

THUS spake an artist,—riding idly where
A chain-gang, breaking stones upon the road,
Compelled his heart from comrades brave and fair,
To closer study of the penal code;
"Your brow is sullen and your life a curse,
From sin you came and innate evil bear;
But, Brother, I who laugh and ride, do worse
Than you who toil in open sentence there!
I drag a chain self-forged,—nay, 't is no jest;
Yonder she waits,—the wife whose silken pace
Dwarfs my man's stride to crawl at her behest,
While mated weaklings pass me in the race."





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JOHN RUSKIN 1857

J. B. Lippincott Co.

From the portrait in colored chalk by George Richmond, R.A.

To a Portrait of John Ruskin

BY GERALD STANLEY LEE

1880

SONG is wrested from thee.
Thy wearied body,
Heaven-spent, imperious,
Borne with wings,
Mounts and sings
A Voice it knows not.

1890

The Voice hath wrought its will.
Strange, relentless, still,
Its ghost returns
To the spent dust
And burns—
Burns its ache upon thee,
Feeds the flame of Death
With the flicker of thy breath.
I see it in thine eyes—
Those ruined, empty skies
Where the dead sunset lies
Across thy spirit.

1900

When the last dear afterglow
Upon this wilderness
They call thy face,
Shall cease,
And One shall trace
Upon the clay
The final bound of sorrow for thee,
And the empty, crowded streets shall say,
"John Ruskin is dead,"
And around the boundless silence
Where thy head,
Outhrobbed at last,
Shall rest
Upon the voiceless, dreamless breast
Thou lovest—
I know that then
Thousand-hilled and valleyed England,
Mother of men,
Her rescued belfries roused from moss-grown drowsy hours,

Shall feel thy spirit, Fire of Music,
When it leaves us,
One vast and splendid moment, wandering through her towers,
Shall strike from out the gloried climbing chaos of her bells,
Tolling down men's souls
On the hushed, death-quicken'd sense,
God's portrait of thee, Ruskin,
Burned and wrought
With flame of thought
Upon uncrumbling dreams,
Until — this painted, bragging flesh that seems
To lord it o'er thee now,
Shall vanish,
And we shall look beyond the jail marks on thy brow,
The spirit's prison place
Bleak with fears,
Down the vista of the old undaunted summers in thy face
Countless years.





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BRANTWOOD

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Ruskin's home—where he died

John Ruskin

BY ROGER RIORDAN

DISCREDITED as a prophet who had seen too many new lights to be confided in by sober-minded people, overmuch given to rhetoric, and often taxed with an inclination to wander from his subject, Ruskin, it is generally admitted, must be reckoned among the great writers of the closing century. And though it may not be so readily acknowledged, he has also accomplished much for art, and his ideas are still a power in the world, and may even prove to be a growing one.

In judging of his career, account should first be taken of the change wrought by him in English notions regarding art. He found art despised by most Englishmen. Such criticism of art as there was among them was based on the misunderstood practice of the past, and the most popular painters were those who were most mannered and least original. To-day all that is changed: art and artists are honored as they never were before in English-speaking countries; and whether this homage be sincere or not, it is seldom long denied to conspicuous talent.

It is not too much to say that had Ruskin not entered the lists as champion of Turner and the pre-Raphaelites this change would not have come about. The curious Brotherhood would have had even less

effect upon stolid English conservatism than other not less talented and not less enthusiastic groups that have vainly urged reforms in other directions. It should be remembered that Ruskin's purse, as well as his pen, was at the service of Rossetti, Hunt, *et al.*, and no one who has read the recently published correspondence of the former can doubt that without Ruskin the movement would have come to an obscure and unrecorded end. It is amusing to read of the way in which his public praises and his private largess were received by the most original genius of the group. In his letters Ruskin often indulged in well-meant but too dogmatic criticisms of his friend's efforts, for which, however, he paid, though they displeased him. "Just remember as a general principle," he writes to Rossetti, "never to put raw green into light flesh." And again: "You are a conceited monkey to think your pictures right when I tell you positively they are wrong." This was doubtless hard to bear; but at another time Ruskin would be fighting Rossetti's battles in the press, or would write striking off seventy guineas from Rossetti's debt, and the latter would jubilantly tell his friend Brown, with an eye to a possible loan from him, that the entire debt had been cancelled. Indeed, the generous Ruskin was exploited as thoroughly as the sharp Irish ship-builder, McCracken, the other chief supporter, in a financial way, of the Brotherhood.

As an art critic, Ruskin took up a wrong position. Without, perhaps, being aware of it, he was more affected by the scientific spirit than by the artistic. In his worship of scientific fact, he would have the painter know the processes of cloud formation and of plant growth and the effect of central fires and denuding waters upon the earth's crust, and would have him pay comparatively little attention to the requirements and the capabilities of his medium. And yet no one has more boldly subordinated fact to artistic effect than has Ruskin in his writings. He would allow such license in painting to those only who, like Turner, might be supposed to show some imaginative grasp of natural laws, or who, like Watts, hinted obscurely at profound correspondences between visible forms and moral inclinations. Of the artist's proper work, the disengaging from nature of a new kind of beauty, he can hardly be said to have had any proper comprehension. Still, even a wrongly directed attack upon a wrong condition is sometimes to be welcomed. Ruskin's protest was a decisive blow to conventionalism and stupidity.

The similar revolt against academicism in France fortunately stood in no need of such championship, and was not so misled. The men of 1830 "went to Nature" better fitted than the pre-Raphaelites to succeed in the inevitable struggle with her. They knew, at least, something of what would (and could) not be done with paint. They did not let slip the greater truths of aspect in seeking to grasp smaller truths (from the artist's point of view) of structure and detail. The Englishmen, even the most gifted of them, were, in comparison, like a lot of reckless adventurers in a world without laws of its own. Hence, their

share in the artistic progress of the century is much less than it might have been. The lesson which Lord Rosebery has just been reading his countrymen as to their neglect of thorough preparation in war and commerce might be applied with far greater force to their doings in art.

On both sides of the Channel, when the fight against academicism had been gained, it was found that the hoped-for era of great, popular, spiritual art had been brought no nearer. The masses still admired—they still admire to-day—badly painted story pictures. Hardly any one pretended, or pretends, to understand the inner meaning of Rossetti or the French symbolists. No teacher of science takes his text from Turner; no pulpit orator turns for inspiration to Watts. But, at one point, the teaching of Ruskin and his friends is still to be reckoned with. He was driven, like William Morris, to look to the minor arts and handicrafts as the only possible source of a great artistic revival. And as Morris, himself a really great designer, could see no hope for such a revival in existing industrial conditions, neither could Ruskin. This is the true ground of the so-called socialistic doctrines that permeate all the later writings of Ruskin. In reality, he was an individualist, not a socialist. Philistine captains of industry are warned that in robbing the poor man of such pleasure as he might find in the work of his hand, they are creating the worst kind of a revolutionist, the one with no ideal but anarchy. To a certain extent the warning has been heeded. It is likely that a few crafts, distinctly artistic, may be enabled to hold their own against commercialism and machinery. It is even possible that the tendency to restrict the application of factory methods to certain kinds of work may grow to a powerful though gentle anti-revolutionary force. With all Ruskin's faults as a political economist,—and it may be taken for granted that they are not less than his faults as an art critic,—it may be said that the writings of his that are now most stimulating and, in consequence, best worth reading, are not those in which he seeks to teach painters sciences of which they can afford to be ignorant, but those in which he turns to the commercial class in which he was born and warns it of the consequences of such regimentation of labor as would reduce the individual laborer to the condition of an "absent-minded beggar" in barracks—of a mere cog in a big machine.





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RUSKIN'S STUDY AT BRANTWOOD

Drawn by Arthur Severn, R.I.

Ruskiniana

RUSKIN is fortunate in his biographers so far. Mr. Collingwood's "Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) was published a few years ago and is very full, though not necessarily exhaustive. Mr. Spielmann's "John Ruskin" (Lippincott) has appeared since Ruskin's death. It is a study rather than a life, and is the result of the author's personal observations of the man and familiarity with his works. Both books are full of anecdote and illustrations. Prof. C. E. Norton of Cambridge, Mass., is said to be Ruskin's literary executor. Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co. are his only authorized publishers in America.

It is curious that although Walter Scott was Ruskin's favorite author and he read him, or was read to from that master's novels every day, a book by Edna Lyall was being read to him as he passed away.

The following interesting statement as to Mr. Ruskin's last hours was sent to the London *Times* for publication:

"The end came with startling suddenness. On the morning of Thursday, the 18th, Mr. Ruskin was remarkably well; but when Mrs.

Arthur Severn went to him as usual after tea, in order to read to him the war news and 'In the Golden Days,' by Edna Lyall, his throat seemed irritable. His cousin was alarmed, for several of her servants were ill with influenza; but the Professor was inclined to laugh it off, although he said he did not feel well, and admitted, when questioned, that he felt pain 'all over.' Helped by his faithful body-servant Baxter, he was put to bed, and he listened while Mrs. Severn sang a much-liked song, 'Summer Slumber.' It was now 6.30, and Mr. Ruskin declared that he felt quite comfortable. Nevertheless, Dr. Parsons was immediately summoned. He found the temperature to be 102°, and pronounced the illness to be influenza, which might be very grave if the patient's strength were not kept up.



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RUSKIN'S BEDROOM, BRANTWOOD

(Showing the Turner Drawings and the William Hunt above the fireplace)

Drawn by Arthur Severn, R.I.

"That evening the Professor enjoyed a dinner consisting of sole and pheasant and champagne, and on Friday he seemed to be much better. On Saturday morning there was a change so marked that the Doctor was alarmed, and from that time Mr. Ruskin sank into an unconscious state, and the breathing lessened in strength, until, at 3.30, it faded away in a peaceful sleep. He was holding the hand of Mrs. Severn, and Dr. Parsons and Baxter stood by, now and then moistening the lips with brandy and spraying the head with eau de Cologne.

"And so he passed away, amid silence and desolation. Then, a little later, when the first shock was over, Mrs. Severn's daughter prevailed upon her to look from his little turret window at the sunset; as Ruskin was wont to look for it from day to day. The brilliant, gorgeous

light illumined the hills with splendor; and the spectators felt as if Heaven's gate itself had been flung open to receive the teacher into everlasting peace."

W. L.

Dear Spielmann

I'll set to work
on the paper directly -
and choose the changes
quickly - and won't say
a word you don't like about
the others - I may well
say it was my mistake about
Mr. Lacy, without doing
even him any harm?

So many thanks for
your kindness

Ever yours
J. R.

"John Ruskin," one of his friends said of him the day after his death, "was quite indifferent to money." But not many authors have had a larger income from their books. For the past thirteen years his copyrights brought him an average of £4000 a year. They must continue a valuable property, though the earlier writings will, of course, be anybody's in seven years. A careful estimate shows that Ruskin's best selling book has been "Sesame and Lilies." After it would come "A Crown of Wild Olive," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Unto this Last."

"Never, indeed, was man more methodical in his work than Ruskin," says Mr. Spielmann in his book, "nor more precise and regular in obedience to the rules he had laid down for his guidance. From first to last his working hours were from seven in the morning till noon, and for no consideration would he exceed his limit. Within those five daily hours all his work was produced — not only his books, but his business and private correspondence. Work in the afternoon was by himself forbidden, unless it took the form of reading, and never



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HERNE HILL

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

(The Early Home of Ruskin)

under any circumstances, save in the extremely exceptional case of an important note, would he write letters in the evening."

Of Ruskin's collection of Scotch manuscripts, Mr. Spielmann says: "Transcending in interest all the more modern volumes are the original Scott manuscripts of several of the Waverley novels—'The Fortunes of Nigel,' 'The Black Dwarf,' 'Woodstock,' 'St. Ronan's Well,' and 'Peveril of the Peak.' 'I think,' he said, taking down one of these well-cared-for volumes, 'that the most precious of all is this. It is "Woodstock." Scott was writing this book when the news of his ruin came upon him. He was about here, where I have opened it. Do you see the beautiful handwriting? Now look, as I turn over the pages towards the end. Is the writing one jot less beautiful? Are there

more erasures than before? That assuredly shows how a man can, and should, bear adversity.' "

From the same source we take this description of Ruskin's last days:

"On the occasion of the visit to which I have before referred, the Scott-reading days were over. Ruskin no longer took his meals with the family, but alone in his study; partly because, in accordance with the doctor's mandate, he ate very slowly, and partly because he found that the lively interest he took in the conversation had a deleterious effect upon his digestive processes. He would take an early breakfast in bed, comfortably propped up by pillows and warmly wrapped in his dressing gown, down the front of which his gray beard flowed with patriarchal dignity. He would then dress and descend to the study, when, after another breakfast, he would go out until a half-hour before luncheon time. Then, after resting for a time, he would sally forth again; and, on returning, he would sit and think, or read. In the course of reading he would often annotate a book; and I remember the amusement with which it was remarked that an author's declaration of what he could 'plainly see' had called forth a marginal note of 'you owl!' After dinner the Professor—or 'Coz,' as he was usually spoken of by Mrs. Severn in her own house—would come into the drawing-room and ensconce himself in his chair, with that 'back-cuddling' posture that was peculiar to him. Then, as he sipped at his cup of coffee, and afterwards at his glass of port, the chess-table was brought out, and the Professor and Mr. Arthur Severn, or the visitor, would settle down to a game."

Mr. G. F. Watts, R. A., sent a Greek laurel to lie on Ruskin's coffin, "With profound admiration and personal affection." Writing in reference to it, Mr. Watts said: "It comes from our garden, and has been cut before three times only—for Tennyson, Leighton, and Burne Jones. This time for the last of my friends."

Ruskin was buried in Coniston churchyard, where hundreds of people from all parts of Great Britain came to pay their last respects. The Dean of Westminster offered a grave in the Abbey, but it was declined, as Ruskin had insisted that he wished to be buried wherever he died. A memorial service was, however, held at Westminster.

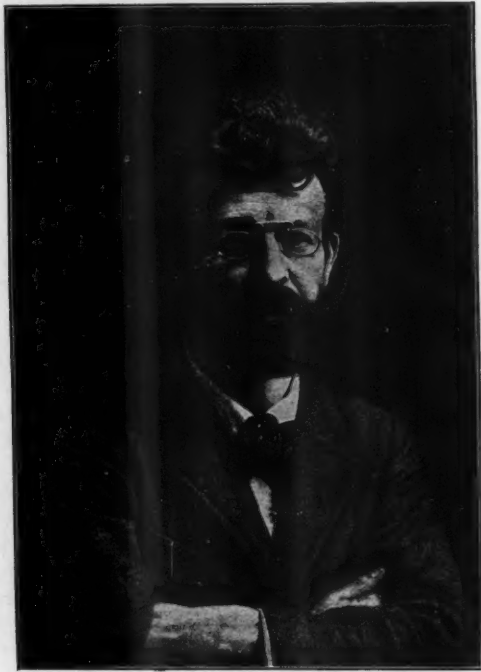
To his publisher, Mr. George Allen, Ruskin once said: "When I reach the Alps, I always pray." Mr. Allen, who has climbed those mountains with him, says: "He would betake himself to some quiet corner among that grand scenery and fall on his knees. He was praising and adoring God in the work of His creation—the Alps. In these wonderful mountains he beheld the splendor of the Creator, and bowed in simple praise of it. Though he came of a certain strict Calvinism, there was nothing narrow in the religious outlook of Ruskin—it was expansive as it was bright."

The Poets of Young Germany

By A. VON ENDE

(Continued from February and Concluded.)

The psychological element of Falke's poetry is even more pronounced in that of Richard Dehmel, one of the most disputed characters in contemporary German poetry. If genius as in a focus collects the rays of the past and throws them on the road which leads to the future, then the greatest poet of Germany to-day is Richard Dehmel, and there are many among his contemporaries and compatriots who



RICHARD DEHMEI

accord him such rank, for he is the most comprehensive incarnation of modern thought and feeling. As he penetrates the most secret recesses of his own soul, moulding into words every passing fancy, even the shadows of thoughts and feelings as yet only germinating, so he listens to the faintest chords and discords of that strangely sensitive instrument called the people's soul, which the breath of a single strong mind, or the unborn wishes of individual human beings scattered all over the earth, can cause to vibrate. A Proteus changing forever, not recog-

nizable by any one trait, intangible and incomprehensible save to those that have traced the development of modern thought in Germany and know the circumstances that have led to the birth of this new art—forever striving upward, rolling the stone of Sisyphus, and yet chained to the rock like Prometheus; that is the poetic individuality of Richard Dehmel. A poet of individualism and of altruism, there is a singular lack of unity in his work, a discordant note to which one is not easily reconciled. The metaphysical element, too, is quite pronounced, and asserts itself in many oracular, orphic utterances which border on obscurity. But the very qualities that exclude Dehmel from popularity in a wider sense prove him to be the most typical and the most versatile representative of the new poetry of Germany, and of the new school of art in general; and although his thoughts flash forth in zigzag lines and angles, which are not easy to trace, and his fancies form a network so subtle and intricate as to confuse the reader, still he has written some poems of childhood and love of exquisite simplicity, and to his weird symbolistic fancies and his scathing satires he has added scenes of the drama of life, most touching in their directness and their pathos. Though he may be ranked too highly by the critics and scholars of the modern school, who have made him the subject of treatises and innumerable essays in the magazines, he will certainly stand foremost when the time comes to assign to the contemporary poets of Germany their permanent places. His only rival, and one who surpasses him in mastery of form, is his friend Liliencron.

It is almost impossible to open a volume of poems by one of the young Germans without finding a dedication to Detlev Baron von Liliencron, who, though about fifty-six years of age, is always considered as belonging to the young school, and by its members called their master and fellow. His art is more likely to appeal to a wider circle of readers than that of most of his admirers and brothers in song, for finding beauty even in some features of life that are not included in the programme of the future, his genius has established a link between the Old and the New. The scion of an old noble family, Liliencron has seen active service in several campaigns, and has served his country in official capacity. A true German "Junker," he loves the simple pleasures of the country as much as he appreciates the whirl and artificial glamour of the metropolis. A man of the world and a child of the Holstein heath, a soldier and a singer, a true poet and a true man, his charming naïveté and spontaneous humor make him a most amiable personality. An artist by instinct, the versatility of Liliencron is amazing. He makes one realize the fascination of uniforms and epaulettes, the clink of spurs and sabres, the sound of fife and drum, and all the dash of military life; but he also paints the carnage and horror of the battlefield with the power of Verestchagin's brush. With exquisite playfulness he can describe little scenes of society life, and with stirring pathos he can record the tragedies of lowly life. His religious feeling is intense; one of the most beautiful

of his longer poems is "Pieta," where he tells how Mary bends over the form of the Crucified:

" In nameless grief, and cannot understand
The cruelty of man thus to betray
Jesus, her son. Was He not love Himself?
Was not His aim throughout His earthly course
Reconciliation, purity, and peace?"

Liliencron's verse has a harmony, a strength, and a spontaneousness which are truly unique. All the elements of the *Zeitgeist* are there, but no longer in a fermenting chaos, for the poet has known life and learned that man has to bide his time.

While Liliencron with supreme mastery infuses new life into the old forms of poetic expression, Johannes Schlaf is the master of free rhythm and of the prose poem, forms that lend themselves gracefully to his philosophical fancies; for however beautiful may be his little impressionistic *Stimmung*-pictures of nature, his delicately spiritual love-songs, he is most original when he sings the mysterious attraction of atoms, the growth of the cell, the chaotic fermentation that sets cosmic nebulae awhirl, all the forces of mind and matter that rule the motion of the orbs and control the impulses of the brain and quicken the beat of the heart; or when, like a true poet of the universe, he proclaims the eternal unity of man and nature, seeing in the principle of evolution the salvation of mankind. There is something Whitmanesque in spirit and form about the dithyrambic effusions of the German poet-scholar, who found a brother-soul in the self-taught American poet-seer. For even without knowing that he has written one of the best essays about Whitman that the Whitman-cult in Germany has produced, one readily recognizes, in his latest volume of verse, that he has caught the ring and the swing of the lines that echoed through the brain of the "good gray poet," as he tramped through the streets of his beloved Manna-hatta. Johannes Schlaf represents a most artistic fusion of the Teutonic Faust-spirit with that incarnation of American activity, energy, and health typified in Whitman.

Ludwig Jacobowski is a poet in whose soul the sceptical pessimism of Goethe's immortal hero is united with an altruism born of the painful knowledge of social contrasts. More in touch with the people than perhaps any of his contemporaries, he paints the joys and sorrows of the humble and the lowly in genre-pictures of pathetic sincerity, not without a touch of genial humor. It is perhaps from the dismal tragedies of their life that he turns away to brood over the great enigmas of existence, which baffle the intellect and haunt the dreams. In his desire to grasp the meaning of life and look behind the arras of the world's mystery, he is often overwhelmed with the futility of his aspiration, and strikes discords of despair; but when his trust in himself and in the future return to him, he breaks forth in exultant apostrophes. There is a noble distinction about Jacobowski's work which

makes him avoid the pitfalls of æsthetic fads, and will assure him a permanent place in the ranks of contemporary German poets.

The climax of philosophical and metaphysical speculation is reached by Franz Evers, who at present is so remote from the practical, vital questions of life as to be considered by some of his fellow-bards as a



LUDWIG JACOBOWSKI

renegade. For after having trodden earth, and seen mankind "sacrifice to Moloch" and "forge the guillotine of want," he fled to the heights where there is air, light, and freedom, the heights beyond space and time. In their sublime solitude he was confronted with the eternal question, "What is truth?" and he replied:

" All that I ever wished,
All that I coveted,
With the throbbing feverish pulses
Of my ego;
All that my soul aspired to,
Thirsting, craving for light,
With the trembling strength of courage,
All the sacred and high,
All the great and divine:
That is truth!

But the truth for thee, brother,
The truth for thee and me,
It is not!"

This transcendental individualism drew the line between Evers and the other poets of young Germany. It is the keynote to his "Psalms," in which he sings the gospel of the future One, who shall come like a great sun, shedding light over the path of those that seek him, and announces with spiritual fervor a kingdom which is not of this world. A poetical incarnation of the individualism of Zarathustra-Nietzsche and of the altruism of the Nazarene, with a touch of mysticism, Evers is the poet-priest of the new school.

There is another group of young German poets that deserves notice, because it represents a movement more indigenous to the hyperculture of France and Belgium than to Germany. They are the aesthetic symbolists, who about ten years ago founded a magazine for private circulation under the editorship of Stephan George, addressing itself in spirit and form to the very few, the elect, that chose to follow through all the vagaries of decadence and forced originality, among them utter contempt for punctuation. They have now their seat at Vienna, and since they have condescended to offer their works for sale have attracted considerable notice and been not inappropriately styled "lyric acrobats." They have little in common with the "pan-human" and "over-human" tendencies of young Germany, and present only an interesting variation from the typical representatives of the *Zeitgeist*.

China from Within

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE indefatigable Mrs. Bishop, whom we first knew as Miss Isabella Bird in the Rocky Mountains and the Sandwich Islands, and afterward in unknown Japan and Yezo, and in later years as a widow in Turkestan and Western Thibet, is out with a new book.* She seems to be stronger and more venturesome as the years pass. She has travelled from the mouth of the Yangtze to the end of boat navigation and then by land through Sze Chuan, the most populous, wealthy, and interesting of China's provinces. The Yangtze is perhaps, everything considered, the most remarkable river in the world, for it rises up in the earth's highest table-lands, and, as a sort of spout from the world's roof, carries the water from sky to sea. It has worn its way through leagues of rocky gorges. In its upper courses it rolls, scatters, and carries farther down its gradient an almost inconceivably large amount of rocks, making navigation very dangerous. Thus ever grinding and washing, like a mill, it has been for ages a maker of continents, bringing down annually millions of tons of soil, distributing it over the fields, and pouring vast masses daily into the ocean. The first thousand miles of the

* "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond." By Isabella Bird Bishop. 2 vols., illus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

river are easily traversed by steamers, and then by junks for a hundred leagues. After that boats can be forced farther forward by the labor of men in haulage for three hundred miles or more. Probably a million of human beings are engaged upon the various crafts in the river. Many of the villages along the banks of the Yangtze are made up chiefly of boatmen who toil with oar, rudder, or rope, or do mule work on the tow-path.

Mrs. Bishop was not the emissary of Lord Salisbury, so far as we know, but the region she traversed is the particular one which the English desire to keep under their influence. With his usual sagacity as a trader, John Bull has reserved the best part of China for himself—and the rest of us—for in this valley are the most intelligent and best-to-do Chinese people, besides the larger amount of natural resources. Indeed it may not be exaggeration to reckon that the main wealth of China lies in this valley. Besides the river navigation, most of which the British will probably control, the great central line of railway north and south will at Hangkow cross the fertile basin at right angles. Near the river's mouth are to be other branches of railway running in various directions, while near the head of navigation will come in the lines from India which are to run to Canton and Hongkong, while southward will be a branch out of Tongking.

With her admirable literary art, resources of scholarship, close practical acquaintance with the subject in hand, and previous acquaintance with Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and Russian Siberia, Mrs. Bishop contrives to make her chapters wonderfully interesting. China is so vast and to the Occidental eye so monotonous, that we are apt to get drowsy over the average books about the Middle Kingdom, but not so with this brace of volumes, which are very far above mediocrity. Mrs. Bishop is a persistent photographer. Despite all difficulties, she succeeded in taking and developing a large number of pictures, which show remarkable variety in architecture, dress, manners, and customs. She had many adventures, but lost neither cuticle nor blood. Though frequently wet, she was not drowned. Though often yelled at by Chinese mobs, whose blood-curdling cries become, even to the rescued, the nightmare of memory, yet she met with no personal violence. Strange and uninviting quarters were often hers, but propriety was not unknown even among men that earned but a cent a day. Occasionally she vents her disgust in a paragraph, but her heart seems inexhaustible in kindness, and her sympathy with the people is profound. She is a confessed convert to the value of Christian missionary operations. She went out full of prejudice and has come back empty. She began her travels with a vacuum of interest. She has returned overflowing with faith in the necessity and desire for the success of missionary labors. Christianity means more soap, more light, more oxygen, better drainage, higher aspirations, a new outlook on the universe, more interest in humanity at large. This is just what China needs, for the nation is dying of narrow-mindedness, apathy, and indifference to humanity.

The agnostic teachers of the Chinese paralyzed all progress, and now, unless they awake to other questions than those of rice for the belly, clothes for the back, and tablets for their ancestors, they will be frozen in by the Russian glacier or tossed by the British bull. Yet Mrs. Bishop does not believe in any imminent "break up" and she likewise scouts the idea of "spheres of influence." She believes that the Chinese can work out their own salvation, if they set about it with faith in God and awake to the realities in their situation and surroundings. Above all other books, this gives one the idea that there is variety in China.

While Mrs. Bishop gives, as it were, a kinetic, Dr. Smith furnishes us with a static view of the problem of how to resuscitate benumbed China. Long years of life among the people enabled him, with his keen Yankee perceptions, to tell us of the actual Chinaman, in his book, "Chinese Characteristics," as no other writer has done. In that he showed us the individual; in this, his new book,* the associated Chinese. We do not here learn of mandarins and other grandees, but of the actual average man—that factor with which law and custom, things of history and of prophecy, have everywhere and always to reckon. The average Chinaman is a villager, as more than ninety-nine hundredths of the Chinamen now in our country were. The villager moves in a rut. His house does not have much light at any time and either too little or too much heat in winter, when oxygen is excessively scarce. He has almost nothing except his daily tasks to think of. Even his schooling and his culture are in a fixed groove, to depart from which means heterodoxy in principle and social ostracism as the result. His religion is an amalgam of what Confucius and his commentators, Laotsze and his mystifiers and corrupters, and Buddha and his misinterpreters have furnished to that marvellous and perduring social system which is the solvent of all religions, conquests, and novelties. The Chinaman does not look up. He looks down. The average villager not only takes no thought for the morrow or the yesterday of the outside barbarian, but he takes no care and wastes no inquiry upon the people in the next city or the inhabitants of the adjoining province. His existence—hardly can we call it life—is one round of toiling, eating, drinking, sleeping, with occasional stirring of the mind by the necessities imposed upon him by the geomancer or the mandarin, both of whom are ever after some fresh "squeeze."

Dr. Smith tells a vast deal in a witty way and one enjoys with him the humors of the situation. Yet he is as practically minded as Mark Twain. He writes not to make fun of the Chinaman, but to help him. He holds the mirror up to nature in order to learn and point out how nature may be improved. Unlike the hasty globe-trotter or the arm-chair critic, he lives among the villagers and shows how it is possible to improve their lives. He goes on the principle that you are more likely to save a man in the next world if you first save him in this.

* "Village Life in China." By Arthur H. Smith, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Behind the Scenes at "Ben Hur"

BY WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH

"Be at the stage-door at 7.45 promptly." And we were there, for, however interesting "Ben Hur" is as seen from before the footlights, one could safely assume that it would be well worth while to see how the wheels went 'round from behind the scenes.

The door opens about two feet in front of steep stairs that lead down to the large space beneath the stage. Here are machinery and dynamos and treadmills, and "supes" in all stages of undress,—some in corners reading prize-fight items in the evening papers, others touching up their faces with grease-paint before bits of mirrors. There are several curtained-off spaces for dressing-rooms, one of them for the big negroes who wear their glittering gewgaws with a proud and haughty mien. They evidently enjoy the rôle of Ethiops. The real actors and all the women and girls are in another part of the theatre,—down here are only Roman soldiers and Syrian peasants of the sterner sex and the swarthy Ethiopian slaves. The base of each costume is brown tights for body and legs. On this sub-structure the Roman soldiers build their golden armor and the galley slaves put on their simpler additions.

A stairway leads up to the stage. It will be closed by and by, for it is used only in the first act, which takes place upon the housetop of the palace of Hur, and this leads to the "housetop." We mount, and find ourselves behind the drop on which is painted the Star of Bethlehem of the prologue. A single electric light passes through the canvas about fifteen feet above the stage, and just behind it is a sunburst of twenty lights. In front are two imitation camels, and a real one is being led in and made to kneel.

The curtain goes up and the chorus in the wings begins. Then slowly the sunburst is turned on and we know that to the audience the star is glowing on the other side of the canvas. The prologue lasts but a few minutes; the Wise Men hurry away, and the camel is led out. The camel cannot be hurried. He will come on again when Iris enters in a later act. There is not much to do now, for most of the scenery for the first act is in place, but there are carpets to lay and finishing touches to put on. When the curtain falls again we take our places close to it, in the centre, with the whole stage in view, and watch the swift destruction of the palace of Hur. Every man knows just what he is to do, and it takes a small army of more than fifty men to do it. The drop curtains are quickly pulled up, the movable scenes and effects are carried off to be stored in an "L" that has been built at the back of the theatre especially for this production. One hundred and twenty thousand square feet of scenery is needed for "Ben Hur," and not even the great stage of the Broadway Theatre will hold it all.

"Act 2. Interior of the Roman galley *Astræa*." The palace has

melted away. Dark curtains painted to represent the sides of the galley fall into place, a broad mast is set up behind, the platforms for the two tiers of slaves who stand above the stage are unfolded and fastened, the slaves spring up, some of them kindly arranging their shackles so that their Roman guards will find them ready at hand when the time comes to bind them on amid their own murmurings. We rush off into the flies and the play goes on.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

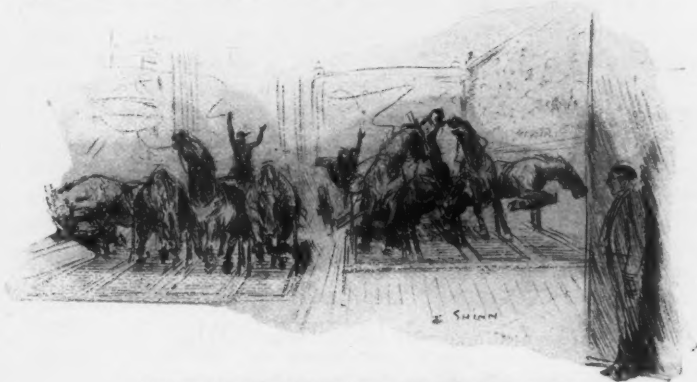
Sketched from life by Everett Shinn

Then comes the fight and the destruction of the galley. When the curtain falls, less than a minute is needed to show "the open sea" with Ben Hur on a raft rescuing the Roman captain, while a galley appears in the distance. It is a busy minute,—all seems confusion and darkness, and when the scene is over the air is full of dust that even "the open sea" has not laid.

The waters are rolled up and trundled off, and an apartment in the house of Simonides is made ready in front, while the temple of Apollo is placed in the middle and the background for "The Revels of Daphne" falls in the rear. In this act there are graceful dances and choruses, and before the scene in the apartment is over the girls are

in line in the wings, waving their branches in time and getting into the unison of the march.

The fourth act reveals to the audience the tent of Ilderim. In the background is the scene by the lake, and the carpenters are getting ready the boat in which "the arts of Cleopatra" will be displayed. It runs on wheels, a long rope stretching from either end. The big Ethiopian oarsman is in place. The moonlight gleams on the lake from six huge electric lights, having a blue disc before them. Iris and Ben Hur step into the boat, and four men pull it, slowly and carefully, into the flies. There is a hurried change, for the craft is too big to be turned around, and the prow is raised to form a canopy while the canopy is turned down to form a prow. Then the curtains are quickly moved, and slowly the men on the other side pull the boat across the stage, and the oarsman dips his blade rhythmically into thin air while Ben Hur sees the lovelight gleam in Iris's eyes. It is a great moment for the Ethiopian. Curtain.



WORKING TREADMILL ON WHICH CHARIOT RACE IS RUN

Sketched from life by Everett Shinn

Now comes the event of the evening, the chariot race. We are introduced to a quiet-looking young man in evening dress, who helped to make and is in charge of the mechanism of one of the greatest stage contrivances of our day, and he explains it as the floor is being lifted up over the eight treadmills and the horses are led into place. Each day the machinery is taken apart and the thousand wheels on which the treadmill runs are oiled and carefully examined. There must not be an accident. The poles are so strongly braced that the horses cannot fall, and there is nothing for them to do but to keep their legs going. For several weeks there was a rehearsal of the chariot race every night at six o'clock so that there might be nothing wrong when the audience gathered a few hours later. Now there are rehearsals only twice a week, unless a new horse necessitates an extra trial.

The chariots are in place, the horses harnessed and pawing the

floor. They seem to delight in the run, and it takes a boy to hold each of them, and strong brakes on the treadmills as well, or they will be off before their time. The curtain has gone up and in the scene which is going on in front the citizens are making their bets. Ben Hur gives his outside horse a few encouraging pats and climbs into the chariot. Messala, in his red tunic, is already in place. He must lose the race and fall behind, so there is a clever contrivance by which Messala's chariot and four white horses are on an independent platform, which starts ahead of Ben Hur's and is moved backward slowly as the race is run.



BAND PLAYING, WITH STRUCTURE FOR THE MOUNT OF OLIVES GOING UP
IN THE BACKGROUND

Sketched from life by Everett Shinn

A final shout is heard from the bettors outside. The horses begin to rear and plunge as the stage manager whispers, "That is their cue—they know it." The boys and men who have been holding them rush pellmell into the flies. A tremendous noise begins, the treadmills have started, and the horses are pounding away at top speed. Then for an instant, with all this roar around us, there is total darkness while the drop curtain is raised. The lights are turned on, Ben Hur and Messala are standing in their chariots waving whips and reins, their garments streaming in the wind, and we experience the peculiar sensation of standing unalarmed twenty feet in front of eight horses coming at us as fast as they can run. Around the stage rolls the panorama of spectators. Messala's chariot is losing ground. A wheel comes off and is pulled into the wings across the stage from where we stand, and, amid the cheers of the audience, the curtain falls.

Darkness again, and in that darkness a drop comes down between

Messala and Ben Hur, so that when the curtain rises in a few seconds only Ben Hur's chariot is seen, with the crowd of peasants shouting around him and petting his victorious Arabs.

There is a good deal of lively work done under the stage while the chariot race goes on. The panorama of spectators is in three separate pieces, the back and two sides. These are on rolls which are moved by electricity — and they must move at exactly the same speed so as to give the effect of an unbroken panorama. In the front of the stage is a low wall which flows swiftly backward to heighten the illusion of the running horses. This is a continuous "wall" of thin boards like painted shingles, worked with a big crank. No power except the horses is needed for the treadmills. Each horse has his own treadmill, wide enough and long enough not to let him step off, and it is an endless chain, the links being stout cleats, running over wheels.

In the last act a throng of people, waving branches of palm, stand upon the sloping hillside of the Mount of Olives, looking up toward the summit whence the Saviour is supposed to come on His way to Jerusalem. The mother and sister of Ben Hur, who have come out from their lepers' home in the Valley of the Tombs, kneel at the foot of the hill, and a white beam of light pierces the silver dust that falls from above, and they are healed. The interest in this act, from our point of view, is in the building up of the Mount. From in front one is apt to take a mountain for granted, but from the back its construction in ten minutes is an event. In "Ben Hur" the mountain is made to occupy the entire stage, stretching into the flies almost to the walls of the theatre, and it is built of a number of frames (which are closed when not in use) rising irregularly toward one side. Upon these frames platforms are laid and covered with painted cloth. Scenic trees are set up on the mountain slopes, and a well-painted canvas encircles the whole.

We climb the stairs at the highest part of the mountain, and walk down between the rows of Galilean peasants who are gathering with their palms, while out beyond the drop Ben Hur is learning tidings of his mother and sister. The last scene is in place. The audience has something left, — the illusion will continue for a while, but the real work of the evening is over.



Four Poets of the Ghetto

BY HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

[This interesting article is most appropriately illustrated by an artist of the Ghetto. Jacob Epstein, who made these charcoal sketches, was born in Hester Street, New York, on the 10th of November, 1880. His parents are Russian Poles, and he has lived all his life in the East Side Ghetto. For two years and a half young Epstein studied at the Art Students' League. This, we believe, is the first time any of his work has been published, but we do not think that it will be the last.—EDS.]

IN East Canal Street, in the heart of the East Side, are many little Russian Jewish cafés, where excellent coffee and tea are sold, where everything is clean and good, and where the conversation is often of the best. The talk is good, for there assemble, in the late afternoon and evening, a chosen crowd of intellectuals. The best that is Russian to-day is intensely serious. What is distinctively Jewish has always been serious. The man hunted from his country is apt to have a serious tone in thought and feeling.

It is this combination—Russian, Jewish, and exile—that is represented at these little Canal Street cafés. The sombre and earnest qualities of the race, emphasized by the special conditions, receive here expression in the mouths of actors, socialists, musicians, journalists, and poets. Here they get together and talk by the hour, over their coffee and cake, about politics and society, poetry and ethics, literature and life. The café-keepers themselves are thoughtful and often join in the discussion, — a discussion never light but sometimes lighted up by bitter wit and gloomy irony.

There are many poets among them, four of whom stand out as men of great talent. One of the four, Morris Rosenfeld, is already well known to the English-speaking world through a translation of some of his poems. Two of the other three are equally well known, but only to the Jewish people. One is famous throughout Jewish Russia. The other is very young and known only to the New York Ghetto. All four are not only poets but men of interesting personality.

The oldest of the four poets is Eliakim Zunser. It is he that is known to millions of people in Russia and to the whole New York Ghetto. He is the poet of the common people, the beloved of all, the poet of the housewife, of the Jew who is so ignorant that he does not even know his own family name. To still more ignorant people, if such are possible, he is known by what after all is his distinctive title, Eliakim the *Badchen*, or the Wedding Bard. He writes in Yiddish, the universal language of the Jew, dubbed "jargon" by the Hebrew aristocrat.

Zunser is now a printer in Rutger's Square, and has largely given up his duties as *Badchen*, but at one time he was so famous in that capacity that he went to a wedding once or twice every day, and made in that way a large income. His part at the ceremony was to address

the bride and bridegroom in verse so solemn that it would bring tears to their eyes, and then entertain the guests with burlesque lines. He composed the music as well as the verses, and did both extempore. When he left his home to attend the wedding there was no idea in his head as to what he would say. He left that to the result of a hurried talk before the ceremony with the wedding guests and the relatives of the couple.

Zunser's wedding verses died as soon as they were born, but there are sixty-five collections of his poems, hundreds of which are sung every day to young and old throughout Russia. Many others have never been published, for Zunser is a poet who composes as he breathes,



A GHETTO CAFÉ
(Sketched from life by Jacob Epstein)

whose every feeling and idea quivers into poetic expression, and who preserves only an accidental part of what he does.

He is a man of about seventy years of age, with kind little eyes, a gray beard, and spare, short figure. As he sits in his printing-office in the far East Side he wears a small black cap on his head. Adjoining the office is another room, in which he lives with his wife and several children. The stove, the dining-table, the beds, are all in the same room, which is bare and chill. But the poet is hospitable, and to the guests he offered cake and a bottle of sarsaparilla. Far more delightful, however, the old man read some of his poems aloud. As he read in a chanting tone he swayed gently backwards and forwards, unconscious of his visitors, absorbed in the rhythm and feeling of the song. There was great sweetness and tenderness in his eyes, facility and

spontaneity in the metre, and simple pathos and philosophy in the meaning of what he said. He was apparently not conscious of the possession of unusual power. Famous as he is, there was no sense of it in his bearing. He is absolutely of the people, childlike and simple. So far removed is he from the pride of his distinction that he has largely given up poetry now.

"I don't write much any more," he said in his careless Yiddish; "I have not much time."

His poetry seemed to him only a detail of his life. Along with the simplicity of old age he has the maturity and aloofness of it. The feeling for his position as an individual, if he ever had it, has gone, and left the mind and heart interested only in God, race, and impersonal beauty.

So as he chanted his poems he seemed to gather up into himself the dignity and pathos of his serious and suffering race, but as one who had gone beyond the suffering and lived only with the eternities. His wife and children bent over him as he recited, and their bodies kept time with his rhythm. One of the two visitors was Abraham Cahan, the Ghetto novelist, whose childhood had been spent in Russia, and when Zunser read a dirge which he had composed in Russia twenty-five years ago at the death by cholera of his first wife and children,—a dirge which is now chanted daily in thousands of Jewish homes in Russia,—Mr. Cahan joined in, although he had not heard it for many years. Tears came to his eyes as memories of his childhood were brought up by Zunser's famous lines; his body swayed to and fro in sympathy with that of Zunser and those of the poet's second wife and her children; and to the Anglo-Saxon present this little group of Jewish exiles moved by rhythm, pathos, and the memory of a far-away land conveyed a strange emotion.

Zunser's dirge is in a vein of reflective melancholy. "The Mail Wagon" is its title. The mail wagon brings joy and sorrow, hope and despair, and it was this awful mechanism that brought Zunser's grief home to him. "But earth too is a machine, a machine that crushes the bones of the philosopher into dust, digests them, that crushes and digests all things. From it all comes. Into it all goes. Why may I not therefore be chewing at this moment the marrow of my children?"

Another song the old man read aloud was composed in his early childhood, and is representative in subject and mood of much of his later work. "The Song of the Bird" it is called, and it typifies the Jewish race. The bird's wing is broken, and the bird reflects in tender melancholy over his misfortunes. "Take me away from Roumania" has the same melancholy, but also a humorous pathos in the title, for the poet meant he would like to be taken away from Russia, but was afraid to say so for political reasons. But the sadness of Zunser's poetry is lightened by its spontaneity and by the felicity of verse and music, and the naïve idea in each poem is never too solemnly insisted upon for popular poetry.

The dirge, which touched upon an episode of his life, led the poet to tell in his simple way the other events of a life history at once typical and peculiar.

He was born in Vilna, the capital of ancient Lithuania, and became apprentice to a weaver of gold lace at the age of six. His general education was consequently slight, though he picked up a little of the Talmud and sang Isaiah and Jeremiah while at work. At the end of six years, when he was supposed to know his trade, his master was to give him twenty roubles as total wage. But the master refused to pay, and young Zunser took to the road with no money. He went to Bysk



ZUNSER IN HIS PRINTING-OFFICE
(Sketched from life by Jacob Epstein)

in the Ostsee province, and there worked at his trade during the day and at night studied the Talmud under the local rabbi. He also began to read books in pure Hebrew for the love of the noble poetry in that tongue. Before long he received word from home that his little brother had died. He went back and helped his mother cry, as he expressed it. Away he went again from home to a place called Bobroysk, where he obtained a position to teach Hebrew in the family of an innkeeper, who promised to pay him twenty-five roubles at the end of six months. When the time came his employer said he would pay at the end of the year. Ingenuous Zunser agreed, but the innkeeper, just before the end of the year, went to a government official and

reported that there was a boy at his house who was fit to be a soldier. Young Zunser was pressed into the service. He was then thirteen. It was in the barracks that he composed his first three songs. In these songs he poured out his heart, told all his woe, but did not print them, "for," he said, "it was my own case."

On being released from the service, Zunser went to Vilna and continued his trade as a gold-lace maker. He also wrote many poems and songs. They were not printed at first, but circulated in written copies. Zunser is said to be the first man to write songs in Yiddish, and soon he became famous. "It was 'the lace-maker boy' everywhere," as the poet expressed it. Now that he could make money by his songs he gave up his trade and devoted himself to art. In 1861 he returned to his native town a great man. There he first saw his work in print. Then came a period when he wrote a great deal and performed every day his function as wedding bard. For ten years things prospered with him, but in 1871 his wife and four children died in three days of cholera. Zunser composed the famous dirge, left Vilna, which appeared to him unlucky, and went to Minsk. Here he continued to get a living with his pen, and married again. Ten years ago he came to New York with his family and kept up his occupation as wedding bard for some time.

The character of Zunser's poetry is what might be expected from his popularity, slight education, and humble position in the Jewish world. His melancholy is common to all Jewish poets. There is a constant reference to his race, too, a love for it, and a sort of humble pride. More than any of the three poets whom we are to mention, with the possible exception of Morris Rosenfeld, Zunser has a fresh lyric quality which has gone far to endear him to the people. Yet in spite of his sweet bird-like speed of expression, Zunser's is a poetry of ideas, although the ideas are simple, fragmentary, and fanciful, and are seldom sustained beyond what is admissible to the lyric touch. The pale cast of thought, less marked in Zunser's work than in that of the other three poets, is also a common characteristic of Jewish poetry. Melancholy, patriotic, and thoughtful, what is lacking in Zunser is what all modern Jewish poetry lacks and what forms a sweet part of Anglo-Saxon literature—the distinctively sensuous element. A Keats is a Hebrew impossibility. The poetry of simple presentation, of the qualities of mere physical nature, is strikingly absent in the imaginative work of this serious and moral people. The intellectual element is always noticeable, even in simple Zunser, the poet of the people.

A striking contrast to the popular wedding bard is Menahem Dolitzki, called the Hebrew poet because he has the distinction of writing in the old Hebrew language. Dolitzki is consequently the classical poet of the four, the poet of tradition, an austere and scholarly type, who makes the old language live for the learned. Dolitzki's learning is limited to the old literature of his race. He is not a generally well educated man, not knowing or caring anything about modern life or

ideas. The poet of the holy tongue, he is what the Jews call *maskil*, fellow of wisdom. The aloof dignity of his position fills him with a mild contempt for the "jargon," the Yiddish of Rosenfeld and Zunser, and makes him distrustful of what the fourth poet, Wald, represents—the modern socialistic spirit.

Singularly enough, he is called by the socialists of the Ghetto the poet of the dilettanti. An Anglo-Saxon American employs the term

מ.מ. דאליצקי



DOLITZKI

(Sketched from life by Jacob Epstein)

to mean those persons superficially interested in much, deeply interested in nothing; but these socialistic spirits stigmatize as dilettante whatever is not immersed in the spirit of the modern world. The man of form, the lover of the old, the cool man with scholastic tinge has no place in the sympathetic imagination of the Ghetto intellectuals. They leave him to the learned among old fogies. And it is true that Dolitzki's appeal is a limited one, both as a man and as a poet. He is a handsome man of about forty-five years, with a fine profile, an unenthusiastic manner, a native reserve very evident in his way of reading his poetry. He has nothing of the buoyant spontaneity, the impersonal feeling of Zunser. The poet of the people was a part of his verse as he read. He threw himself into it, identified himself with his musical

and fanciful creation. But Dolitzki, who has been recently a travelling agent for a Yiddish newspaper on the East Side, and has a little home suggesting greater cleanliness and comfort than that of Zunser, held his manuscript at arm's length and read his verses with no apparent sign of emotion. About his poetry and life he talked with comparative reserve, in the former evidently caring most for the form and the language, and in the latter for the ideas which determined his intellectual life rather than for picturesque details and events.

Dolitzki's life and work are identified with the revival of Hebrew literature of fifty years ago, and, more narrowly, of twenty years ago. He is one of the great poets of that revival, and wherever it is felt in the Jewish world, there Dolitzki is known and admired. He was born in Byelostock, but spent his early manhood in Moscow, whence he was expelled. That event partly determined the character of his first writings—patriotic poems of culture, reasoned outcries against the religious prejudice of the orthodox Jews, the Jews who take their stand on the Talmud, led by the hair-splitting rabbi, upholders of the narrow Jewish theology. Just as the revival of learning in Europe brought doubt of orthodoxy along with it, so the revival of the pure Hebrew literature brought doubt of the religion of the established rabbi, founded on a minute interpretation of the Talmud. The Hebrew scholars who went back to the sources of Jewish literature for their inspiration were worse than infidels to the orthodox. And Dolitzki was the poet of these "infidels."

When, however, the Jews were expelled from Moscow, Dolitzki's interest broadened to love of his race. It is not so much interest in human nature that these noble and austere poems manifest, as an epic love for the race as a whole, a lofty and abstract emotion. The intellectual and moral element characteristic of Jewish poetry is particularly marked in Dolitzki's work. His first poems, those of culture inspired by hatred of Talmudic prejudice, and his later ones, filled with the abstract love of his race, are poems of idealism expressed largely in complicated symbolical language, lacking, as compared with Zunser's poetry, spontaneity, wholly lacking in sensuous imagery, but written in musical and finished verse.

A poem illustrating Dolitzki's first period tells how a cherub bore the poet, symbolizing the Jewish people, aloft where he could see pure and beautiful things, but soon the earth appeared, in the shape of a round loaf of bread, symbolizing need and poverty and prejudice, to which the aspiring Jew must return and from which he could not escape. One of the poems in which Dolitzki's love of his race is expressed describes a man and a maiden (the Jewish race) who, driven by love of one another and fear of oppression, are sitting upon a lofty rock. Below them on the plain they see their family murdered by the invaders. Then they voluntarily die, declaring that they will yet live forever in the race.

Dolitzki's remote idealism represents a nobler kind of thing than

what is generally associated with the East Side. A dignified and epic poet, filled with the moral rather than the enthusiastic love of the old language and the old race, he presents a remarkable contrast to the gifted but comparatively formless Zunser and to the two poets who are to follow.

מאריס ראזנפעלד



ROSENFELD

(Sketched from life by Jacob Epstein)

Morris Rosenfeld, poet and former tailor, strikes in his personality and writings the weary minor. Full of tears are the man and his song. Zunser, Dolitzki, and Wald, although in their verse runs the eternal melancholy of poetry and of the Jews, have yet physical buoyancy and a robust spirit. But Rosenfeld, small, dark, and fragile in body, with fine eyes and drooping eyelashes, and a plaintive, childlike voice, is weary and sick—a simple poet, a sensitive child, a bearer of burdens, an East Side tailor. Zunser and Dolitzki have shown themselves able to cope with their hard conditions, but the sad little Rosenfeld, unpractical and incapable in all but his songs, has had the hardest time of all. His life has been typical of that of many a delicate poet—a life of privation, of struggle borne by weak shoulders, and a spirit and temperament not fitted to meet the world.

Much younger than Zunser or Dolitzki, Morris Rosenfeld was born thirty-eight years ago in a small village in the province of Subalk, in

Russian Poland, at the end of the last Polish revolution. The very night he was born the world began to oppress him, for insurgents threw rocks through the window. His grandfather was rich, but his father lost the money in business, and Morris received very little education—only the Talmud and a little German, which he got at a school in Warsaw. He married when he was sixteen, "because my father told me to," as the poet expressed it. He ran away from Poland to avoid being pressed into the army. "I would like to serve my country," he said, "if there had been any freedom for the Jew." Then he went to Holland and learned the trade of diamond-cutting; then to London, where he took up tailoring.

Hearing that the tailors had won a strike in America, he came to New York, thinking he would need to work here only ten hours a day. "But what I heard," he said, "was a lie. I found the sweat-shops in New York just as bad as they were in London."

In those places he worked for many years, worked away his health and strength, but at the same time composed many a sweetly sad song. "I worked in the sweat-shop in the daytime," he said to me, "and at night I worked at my poems. I could not help writing them. My heart was full of bitterness. If my poems are sad and plaintive, it is because I expressed my own feelings, and because my surroundings were sad."

Next to Zunser, Rosenfeld is the most popular of the four Jewish poets. Zunser is most popular in Russia, Rosenfeld in this country. Both write in the universal Yiddish or "jargon," both are simple and spontaneous, musical and untutored. But, unlike Zunser, Rosenfeld is a thorough representative, one might say victim, of the modern spirit. Zunser sings to an older and more buoyant Jewish world, to the Russian Hebrew village and the country at large. Rosenfeld in weary accents sings to the maimed spirit of the Jewish slums. It is a fresh, naive note, the pathetic cry of the bright spirit crushed in the poisonous air of the Ghetto. The only song that Rosenfeld has printed in English is this:*

"I lift mine eyes against the sky,
The clouds are weeping, so am I;
I lift mine eyes again on high,
The sun is smiling, so am I.
Why do I smile? Why do I weep?
I do not know; it lies too deep.

"I hear the winds of autumn sigh,
They break my heart, they make me cry;
I hear the birds of lovely spring,
My hopes revive, I help them sing.
Why do I sing? Why do I cry?
It lies so deep, I know not why."

* Israel Zangwill met Rosenfeld in an excursion one night to the New York Ghetto, and the sweat-shop poet showed him the above poem. Zangwill changed "so do I" to "so am I" in the second and fourth lines, and told the surprised poet that he deemed it a beautiful thing. An editor of *The Commercial Advertiser* was with the party, and a few days afterwards the poem appeared for the first time in that newspaper.—H. H.

Abraham Wald, whose *nom de plume* is Lessin, only twenty-eight years old, the youngest and least known of the four poets, is in some respects the most interesting. He is the only one who is on a level with the intellectual alertness of the day. His education is broad and in some directions thorough. He alone of the four knows Russian, which language he often writes. He is an imaginative critic, a violent socialist, and an excitable lover of nature.



WALD

(Sketched from life by Jacob Epstein)

One of his friends called the poet on one occasion an intellectual *débauché*. It was in a Canal Street café, where Wald was talking in an excited tone to several other intellectuals. He is a short, stocky man, with a suggestion of physical power. His eyes are brilliant, and there seems to be going on in him a sort of intellectual consumption. He is restlessly intense in manner, speaks in images, and is always passionately convinced of the truth of what he sees so clearly but seldom expresses in cold logic. His fevered idealism meets you in his frank, quick gaze and impulsive and rapid speech.

Lacking in repose, balance, and sobriety of thought, Wald is well described by his friend's phrase. Equally well he may be called the Jewish bohemian. He is not dissipated in the ordinary sense. Coffee

and tea are the drinks he finds in his little cafés. But in these places he practically lives, disputing, arguing, expanding, with whomsoever he may find. He has no fixed home, but sleeps wherever inevitable weariness finds him. He prefers to sleep not at all. Like all his talented tribe he is poor, and makes an occasional dollar by writing a poem or an article for an East Side newspaper. When he has collected three or four dollars he quits the newspaper office and seeks again his beloved café, violently to impart his quick-coming thoughts and impulses. Only after his money is gone—and it lasts him many days—does he return to his work on the paper, the editor of which must be an uncommonly good-natured fellow.

Impelled by political reasons, Wald left Russia three years ago, but before that time, which was in his twenty-fifth year, he had passed through eight mental and moral crises. Perhaps the number was a poetical exaggeration, for when I asked the poet to enumerate he gave only five. As a boy he revolted from the hair-splitting Talmudic orthodoxy, and was cursed in consequence; then he lost his Jewish faith altogether; then his whole *Cultur-Anschauung* changed, on account of the influence of Russian literature. He became an atheist and then a socialist and perhaps a pantheist: at least he has written poems in which breathes the personified spirit of nature. Without the peace of nature, however, is the man and his work. He dislikes America because it lacks the ebullient activity of moral, imaginative life. Wald likes Russia better than America because Russia, to use the poet's words, is idealism, hope, and America is realization.

"Before I came to America," he said, "I thought it would not be as interesting as Russia, and when I got here I saw that I was right. America seemed all worked out to me, as if mighty things had already been done, but it seemed lifeless at the core. Russia, on the other hand, with no external form of national prosperity, is all activity at heart, restless longing. Russia is nothing to see, but alive and bubbling at the core. The American wants a legal wife, something there and sure, but the Russian wants a wife behind a mountain, through which he cannot penetrate, but can only dream and strive for her."

All four poets have what is distinctive of Jewish poetry—the pulse of desire and hope, in which there is strain and reproach, constant effort. The Russian Jew's lack of appreciation of completed beauty or of merely sensuous nature is strikingly illustrated by the fact that there has never been a great expression of plastic art in his history. Painting, sculpture, and architecture are nothing to the Jew in comparison with the literature and music of ideas. In nearly all the Jews of talent I have met there is the same intellectual consumption, the excitement of beauty, but no enjoyment of pure beauty of form. The race is still too unhappy, too unsatisfied, has too much to gain, to express a complacent sense of the beauty of what is.

Wald's is the poetry of socialism and of nature, and one form is as turbulent as the other. He writes, for instance, of the prisoner in

Siberia, his verses filled with passionate rebellion. Then he tells how he dreamed beside the gleaming river, and of the fancies that passed through his brain—not merely pretty fancies, but, passionately moral images in which rebellion, longing, wonder, are by turns expressed; never peaceful enjoyment of nature, never simply the humble eye that sees and questions not, but always the moral storm and stress.

Wald and Rosenfeld represent at once things similar and unlike. Both associated with the modern spirit of socialism, both identified with the heart of big cities, both very civilized, yet in temperament and quality no two poets could be more widely separated. Rosenfeld is the finer spirit, the more narrow too. He is eminently the Ghetto Jew. But Wald, as one sees him talking in the café, his whole body alive with emotion, with his youthful, open face, his constant energy, and the modernity and freshness of his ideas, seems the Russian rather than the Jew, and suggests the vivid spirit of Tolstoi.

In comparison with Wald and Rosenfeld the older men, Dolitzki and Zunsner, seem remote. Dolitzki has the remoteness of culture and Zunsner that of old age and relative peace of spirit. But compared among themselves the poets of the four are Zunsner and Rosenfeld, the spontaneous lyric singers. Wald, however, is making his way rapidly into the sympathetic intelligence of the socialists—a growing class—but has not as yet the same wide appeal as the two poets who sing only in the tongue of the people.

From Catullus

“O VENUSTA SIRMIO!”

BY SAMUEL V. COLE

GEM of all the almost-islands, silvery-wooded Sirmio—
All that lie in sheltered places, with the waves asleep below,
Or amid the vast sea-stretches where the foaming currents go—
With what gladness I behold thee I can never let thee know,
Scarcely my own self believing I have left the Thracian snow,
And in safety look upon thee, O my charming Sirmio!

What in all the world more blessed than is freedom from our care,
When the mind unloads its burden, and light-hearted we repair
From our weariness of labor in a foreign land to where
Waits the longed-for couch of quiet in our home and native air?

This itself is meed sufficient for the toils we undertake.
Hail, my Sirmio beloved, and be joyous for my sake,
And be joyous, all ye waters of the lovely Lydian lake;
Laugh aloud, O whatsoever can a rippling laughter make!

London Literary Notes

BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER

I HAVE just been permitted to see a bundle of unpublished letters of Mr. Ruskin's. Mr. Ruskin, it will be remembered, once said that he had never written a letter that he would not willingly permit the public to see. And his quaint and emphatic judgments make the public very ready to take him at his word. To one correspondent he wrote:

"Did you ever read 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame'? I believe it to be simply the most disgusting book ever written by man, and on the whole to have caused more brutality and evil than any other French writing with which I am acquainted.

"Balzac is sensual, but he is an artist of the highest touch, and a philosopher even in his sensuality. Eugène Sue paints virtue as well as vice. Dumas is absurd and useless, but interesting. Béranger blasphemous, but witty. George Sand immoral, but elegant. But for pure, dull, virtueless, stupid, deadly poison, read Victor Hugo."

To another correspondent, an author of some repute, who had sent him one of his books, Mr. Ruskin characteristically wrote: "Your book is the least sensitive and the most impudent I ever opened."

In reference to Dr. Martineau's denomination, the following extract from a letter, hitherto, I believe, unpublished, will be read with very great interest:

"35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W. C., Feb. 12, 1892.

"DEAR SIR,—It is not true that I have in any way changed my religious affinities, or 'withdrawn' from any 'denomination' to which I once belonged. To the church of my ancestors and of my baptism I still adhere. In it I was ordained by the Presbytery of Dublin, and sat in the Synod of Munster; and retaining my approval of the Representative, as opposed to both the Hierarchical and the simply Congregational Church, I am, ecclesiastically, a Presbyterian."

"It is, therefore, no new thing for me to say that I know nothing, here in England, of any 'Unitarian Church'; and that, if there were such a thing, I could not belong to it. Orthodoxy, as a condition of fellowship in the Christian life and worship, is equally repulsive to me, whether it be *my doxy* or *your doxy*.—I remain, Yours truly,

"JAMES MARTINEAU."

Some months ago it was announced that a life of Leigh Hunt was to be written, in which there was to be a very detailed defence of his career so far as he was supposed to have affinities to Dickens's Harold Skimpole. No author was then mentioned, but I may now state that that life was to have been written by Mrs. Thornton Williams, who has edited letters of Southey and of other friends of her family. As her husband's Christian name implies, Mr. Williams is a grand-nephew of Leigh Hunt as well as a son of Mr. Smith Williams, the friend of the Brontës.

It has now been determined to abandon the projected "Life of Hunt," as calculated to give rise to much painful controversy. One of the principal sources of unpublished information with regard to Leigh Hunt is still happily living in the person of Dr. Bird, of Hampstead.

Dr. Bird remembers Hunt well, and has an enthusiastic regard for his memory. He holds that much of the stigma which accrued to Hunt as a writer of begging-letters, and as a person who possessed confused notions of property, was totally undeserved, and that Hunt allowed much of this odium to surround him in order to shield unworthy relations who used his name.

Mr. George Gissing will shortly publish a little volume, entitled "By the Ionian Sea." It will consist of sketches of a journey in the south of Italy. Mr. Gissing has spent a considerable portion of his time in Italy during the past year or two. For the last six months he has been living in Paris, and perhaps we may ultimately expect novels dealing in as intimate a manner with the sordid side of Paris as we have had in years gone by of the sordid side of London.

There is soon to be a new and collected edition of the novels of Anthony Trollope. At present they are in the hands of various publishers, and are sold at all prices and sizes. A tradition is growing up with the younger generation that Trollope was a quite mechanical person, whose books died with his period. I do not believe it. Remember that the most popular novel of last year was Miss Fowler's "Double Thread." Recall its trashy pictures of provincial life and compare them with the power that Trollope displays under similar conditions.

It has long been an axiom among Brontë enthusiasts that no portrait of Emily Brontë is in existence. It would appear, however, that a photograph which always is on sale at Haworth, and has been reproduced in several magazines and books, of a group purporting to be the Brontë family, is really a photograph of an actual picture by Branwell. Mr. Nicolls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, who still lives in Ireland—and who takes the keenest possible interest in the fortunes of *The Sphere*—has identified the photograph. He says that the likeness of Emily is excellent, whereas the portraits of his wife, of Anne, and of Branwell Brontë, are quite worthless. On the strength of this identification, Messrs. Smith and Elder are producing a beautiful photogravure of the portrait of Emily, which will be published next month in the new edition of "Wuthering Heights"—with Mrs. Ward's introduction.

In Mr. Edward Clodd's forthcoming "Memoir of Grant Allen," which will probably be prefixed to a reprint of "Colin Clout's Calendar," some interesting impressions of Allen in the old Oxford days will be contributed by Professor York Powell, and also an assessment of Allen's original work in botanical research by Professor Sydney Vines. The correspondence with Herbert Spencer and others will illuminate some phases of Allen's character, while correcting wholly false impressions of him which the perusal of his "problem" novels was apt to convey. That he had early proclivity towards story-telling is shown in the unearthing of an amusing character-sketch, written by him for a short-lived Oxford magazine, wherein, as evidencing his versatility, an article on Communism and a poem from his pen appear at the same time.

Barnard's Great Gain

ONE of the practical problems of education which is of the greatest social interest to the lay public is that involved in the relations of the old, conservative, well-endowed universities towards women students. The English colleges for women have been able to secure instruction of the best quality and to a certain extent participation in what is known as university life, but both Oxford and Cambridge still refuse the degrees to women who have fulfilled the requirements. In this country there is considerable variety as to practice. Yale has no dealings whatever with women as undergraduates but admits them on the same terms as men to its graduate schools where degrees, fellowships, scholarships, and prizes are awarded without discrimination as to sex. Harvard's shamefaced method of giving a good deal with its left hand, while keeping its right urbanely oblivious, is too well known to need exposition. Up to the present time Columbia, while the most generous of the three, has been so by courtesy only.

The most striking features of the new agreement are these: Instead of employing, as heretofore, whatever superfluous energy the Columbia instructors might have, after fulfilling their duties in the university, Barnard is now to nominate and maintain its own officers of instruction, who are to be appointed by the university and whose standing is to be the same in all respects as that of other like officers in the university, and a picturesque feature is found in the clause specifying that "members of the Faculty of Barnard College may be either men or women." This Faculty and the Dean of Barnard College stand in the same relation to other departments of the university as the Faculty and Dean of Columbia College. Both Deans sit *ex officio* in the University Council, and both Faculties have the right to determine and administer the courses by which their own students proceed to the university degree of Bachelor of Arts. As fast as funds can be gathered for the purpose, new professorships will be opened by Barnard College, and there is no legal limit to the consideration and prestige which its Faculty may attain in the University at large.

Women who have already taken their first degree, whether at Columbia or elsewhere, will now matriculate in the University, on the same terms as men, as candidates for the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy in the Faculties of Philosophy, Political Science, and Pure Science in such courses as are now open to them or may hereafter be opened by these Faculties.

Unfortunately the first Dean of Barnard College, Mrs. George Haven Putnam, will not be able to occupy the seat in the University Council open to her by the new agreement. Mrs. Putnam's resignation was received by the Board of Trustees at the meeting at which the new agreement was adopted. She has been greatly interested in the attainment of the present status and withheld her resignation until it was substantially assured.



The Three Diggers

BY ALICE LENA COLE

I MET one fresh May morn
 Three stalwart men and strong;
 Two were young, but one was older;
 Each had a spade across his shoulder,
 On his lips a song.

Ne'er was such a merry, merry measure,
 Thought I whose heart was sad.

"Sooth, sirs, and if it be your pleasure,
 Tell me who you are and why so glad,

For I am sad;

Life has neither joy nor peace;
 Earth yields me but the bramble and the thorn
 For her increase.

Why was I born?"

Then answered me the older,
 Balancing the spade upon his shoulder:

"We go upon our several ways

In joy and peace;

I, to scar the face of yon green field,

For toiling all the days
 I know that earth at last shall yield
 A bountiful increase,
 And first the toiler's guerdon, strength to the strong.
 Who would not have a song ? "

Then answered me his brother:
 " Behold another!
 'T is not my care that the fields be tilled,
 For I go to build.
 Deep I dig to found the dwelling sure
 And secure,
 And as I work the little children come,
 The father and the mother,
 To watch the growing home.
 Long, long after,
 When they are gone and I at work alone,
 I hear still the music of their laughter,
 And their kiss is on the corner-stone.
 Some day I will build myself a hearth wide and warm,
 'Gainst the storm."

Then to the other spake the youngest fellow,
 And his tone was very mellow:
 " No gladder you than I,
 Who pass by
 The meadow of your labor,
 And the plot whereon our neighbor
 Strives upwards to the sky.
 Your place I do not crave,
 Though I go
 Where the dead lie row on row,
 To dig a grave.
 Here there is room for those
 Who come to plant the rose,
 And stoop beneath the yew to set
 The annunciation lily snobs,
 The fragrant violet.
 Here as at a shrine men enter in;
 No harsh or cruel word is ever spoken,
 And here Love counts it nothing short of sin
 To withhold Love's token.
 Sad to be of the world forgotten, yet
 Sweet it is to know that some will not forget.

" All paths lead whither ?
 Here is the sower sown;
 By another shall his field be tilled.

The houseless one comes hither,
 And he who has a home
 Leaves all he called his own
 That he may come
 To lie down in dreamless calm
 'Neath the-cypress and the palm
 In the house I build.
 Two mysteries! We see, but who has understood?
 In his nostrils is man's breath,
 As the preacher saith;
 Well, if Life be so good
 Why not Death?"

Thus the three departed,
 Happy hearted,
 And ashamed that I had said
 Life has neither joy nor peace,
 I stood and listened long
 To their song.
 "Ours the toiler's guerdon, strength to the strong.
 Earth has bountiful increase.
 Two mysteries we see, but who has understood?
 In our nostrils is the breath.
 What of that? If Life be good,
 So must Death."



English Literature of the Nineteenth Century: A Retrospect

II. The Return to Conventional Life—*Continued*

BY LEWIS E. GATES

IN the preface to one of his volumes of verse Matthew Arnold definitely condemned the personal point of view of the romanticists as unfitted for the creation of poetry of the highest order. The poet, he urged, should be objective; he should emulate pagan art in its temperateness of mood, its fine severity, and its burnished beauty. But when Arnold came to put his doctrine to the test, he found that the spirit of the age was not to be thus easily defied; that its vital impulse was not to be held in check simply at the dictates of an academic ideal. Arnold had "learnt the lore" of the Romanticists "too well," and he could not keep out of his verse the recollected airs of romantic art. His "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Balder Dead," written in loyal illustration of his theory, are at best fairly proficient academic exercises—too late to take the Newdigate prize. The poems by virtue of which he lives are for the most part those in which his personal moods utter themselves sincerely,—moods of tender grieving for the recollected glory of the romantic age. M. Zola has described some living French poet as having been touched by the chilling finger of science. The phrase fits Arnold well. He had been in his youth, as he himself records in more than one poem, fervently enamoured of romantic ideals; but he had later lost the power of yielding himself to them uncritically and sincerely. His most characteristic note is an elegiac note of regret for the waning of the glories of the earlier age when faith was still on the earth. He is the poet of a lost cause,—the lost cause of Romance.

Arnold's treatment of what may be called the Wanderer-*motif* makes clear the change of mood that parts him from the Romanticists. The traditional Wanderer of the romantic poets is wholly the victim of his own joy or teen; he follows through regions of fantastic beauty after some elusive ideal of passionate bliss; he believes in himself utterly, whether he be Byron's Childe Harold or one of Shelley's wan poets; and his creators too—they believe in him implicitly and recount with poignant sincerity his spiritual joys and woes. He is indeed the imaginative embodiment of their most vital impulse,—their vagrant, unresting pursuit of new modes of bliss and pain, of new forms of spiritual experience. Arnold's imagination has also busied itself more than once with the fate of a Wanderer,—notably in the "Scholar-Gipsy" and in "Thyrsis." The Scholar-Gipsy, as one first encounters him, seems to have much of the old-time romantic turn of figure and cast of countenance; every one remembers his "dark, vague eyes and soft, abstracted air"; and every one remembers, too, how he and his congener in "Thyrsis" seek, apparently in true romantic wise, "a

fugitive and gracious light . . . shy to illumine"; they "wend unfollowed"; they "must house alone"; onward "they fare by their own hearts inspired." Yet in spite of the seeming resemblance of Arnold's Wanderers to the romantic type, a little analysis will show that the play of the poet's imagination as it creates these later Wanderers is very different from that which wrought out the Wanderers of an earlier age; and that the world through which these later Wanderers dream their way has also changed in significant wise. Arnold's poems about Wanderers are all confessedly tender make-believe,—exquisitely refined elaborations of an artistic theme; the Scholar-Gipsy is merely a legendary figure which Arnold's imagination captures from the pages of Glanvil and shapes with sad and gracious art into a symbol of Idealism. Throughout the poem, while this charming visionary Wanderer is "waiting for the spark from heaven," he is followed by regretful and — shall we say? — half-patronizing worldly-wise onlookers,—"light half-believers of our casual creeds,"—whose "vague resolves" and speculative disillusionment set the standard of fact and convert the Scholar-Gipsy into a mere pathetic, though lovely, wraith. He is a phantom, for whose apparition, the poet, tenderly as he treats him, half apologizes. And the landscapes that he wanders through,—these, too, are very different from purely romantic landscapes—from the landscapes, for example, in "Alastor." They have none of the courageous and persuasive falseness of Shelley's landscapes. Over them there broods "the soft canopy of English air"; they are wrought out with loving fidelity of detail; their "scarlet poppies," their "wide fields of breezy grass," their "green-muffled Cumner hills," and the rural figures, too, that move in the midst of familiar scenes through homely rustic tasks, all have the color and accent of actual English life. *They* are incontestably real, and their delicate truth and good faith but make the flitting figure of the Scholar-Gipsy seem the more elusive, and render him the more unmistakably a symbol, imaginatively wrought out with conscious artistry. For Arnold, Idealism has become but an undetainable reminiscence; the world of exquisite natural fact defeats, even against the poet's wish, the spirit of Romance.

This same tenderly heroic loyalty to ideals that are still felt to be half-futile is expressed in the famous "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse." A very well-known passage in the poem sets definitely over against each other the earlier world of the idealists and the modern world of conventional experience—the flaunting world of science and triumphant fact. Arnold elects for the world of dreamers; his heart is with the "shy recluses," inheritors of the spirit of a visionary age, who cannot reconcile themselves to the bewildering, albeit splendid, pageantry of actual life. The passage is almost too trite to quote; but its extreme appositeness will justify it.

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,

Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
 Their faith, my tears, the world deride —
 I come to shed them at their side."

There follows in the poem a brilliantly picturesque passage describing the joy and the splendor of worldly life: troops flash by in the sun with pennons and plumes and lances; hunters gather and stag-hounds bay; the laughter and the silver speech of gay women and men float by with the bugle-calls on the breeze. But from all this brightness and music, which the poet's imagination conjures up, symbolizing the glitter and the indomitable energy of actual life, he turns back to the "shy recluses" whose world is the world of dreams and of consecration to the inner life. And so it is with Arnold again and again in his poetry; the fanfare of the present strikes dauntingly and with disillusioning power through the tender music of romantic dreaming; the poet hears the insistent summons, but turns away half-fearfully, half-piously, toward the ideals of a less strenuous age.

Yet not even in his poetry is this Arnold's last word as to the worth of the world of everyday fact; nor is this his final imaginative appreciation of modern conventional life. The truth of the matter is that romantic dreaming was for Arnold possible only in defiance of his conscience; the world of conventional fact had convicted him of sin, had imposed its claims upon him in spite of himself, and had made him feel that his duty lay in the acceptance of the commonplace and the fulfillment of everyday tasks. Accordingly, even in his poetry he substantially admits, as Clough admitted, that "fact must be fact, and life the thing it can." His acceptance of fact is never confident and grateful, never very hopeful. As he looks out on the modern world he has much to say of his "dwindling faculty of joy"; of his soul which "perishes of cold"; of a "weariness" which "no energy can reach." He has much to say, too, of the unloveliness of the prospect that real life offers. Our age is "an iron time"; its wisdom is harshness; its gayety is frivolity. The world is made up of "triflers," who amiably while life away, or of slaves, who are dull victims of routine. Yet this world, unlovely as it is, is the world where, as Wordsworth urged, men must find their happiness or not at all. The wise man will accept the conditions of life,—will "submit, submit." He must not "fly to dreams," yet he need not despair. He will learn "to neither strive nor cry." He will train himself to that "wide and luminous view" which substitutes for the petulance of individual desire the calm and the resignation of philosophy. He will open his soul to the temperate splendor of nature and will steady himself through watching and emulating her untroubled rhythms of achievement. He will form himself in the spirit of her "greatness," will "rally the good in the depths" of himself, and "share in the world's toil." His faith in the ideal, he will retain as a kind of secret life—a "Buried Life"—whence he may draw inspiration for his practical struggle with recalcitrant reality.

Certainly there is nothing frolic or buoyant in this return of Arnold's to the regions of everyday fact. His home-coming almost suggests in its tempered meekness that of Goldsmith's Moses from the Fair with his famous gross of green spectacles. Yet Arnold has the pith of the matter in him; he accepts the laws of the great game of life. And though his mood, when compared with that of Browning or of Walt Whitman, may seem at the best a mood of finely controlled disheartenment, yet that there was much conscientious courage and stern endurance beneath what sometimes seems the pose of "weariness," his strenuous discharge through a long period of time of exasperatingly prosaic duties makes clear beyond the possibility of a query or a quibble.

During the last thirty years of his life, Arnold's medium of expression was almost wholly prose. His work during these years falls outside the period with which this essay is dealing, and is, moreover, in spirit and substance part and parcel of our modern age. This much, however, must at least be said of his prose,—that alike in its origin and in its execution it bears witness to his faith in the possibility of a reconciliation between the ideal and the real. His turning to prose may perhaps not too fantastically be regarded as his frank acceptance of conventional life with all its limitations. He turned to prose very much as Dipsychus finally submitted provisionally to the Spirit of this World. "Welcome, O world, henceforth; and farewell dreams!" In the poem "Obermann once More," there occurs a passage that seems meant by Arnold as an imaginative account of the purposes that guided him during his later life. The words are put into the mouth of the typical romantic dreamer, Obermann, who in the poem appears to Arnold in visionary wise. He describes the hard, pitiless splendor of the pagan world, the passion of tenderness revealed in Christianity—in its Madonna-legend, its child-Christ, and its consolatory Man of Sorrows—the fervors of self-abnegation and of aspiring spirituality in Mediævalism, and the pathetic dissolution of its dream-world and the defeat of its hopes and purposes. For Obermann, the romantic age is the age of vain regret over the vanishing of delicate spirituality and the waning of mystical ardor; and there is much in Arnold's verse that tallies with this limited conception of the romantic temper. Obermann describes the tumult of grieving and the bitter confusion of soul that overtook the men of his own age as they looked out upon a half-ruinous, half-recreated society in an era that had none of the spiritual or imaginative charm that their hearts exacted. And then he imposes upon his English follower the task of preserving for the men of the cruder modern age whatever he may of the beauty and the truth and the inspiring power of mystical and romantic ideals.

" Though more than half thy years be past,
And spent thy youthful prime;
Though round thy firmer manhood cast,
Hang weeds of our sad time

"Whereof thy youth felt all the spell,
 And traversed all the shade—
 Though late, though dimm'd, though weak, yet tell
 Hope to a world new-made!"

And it was precisely to this task that Arnold devoted himself in his prose writings. He sought to bring the real world into harmony, so far as he might, with what seemed to his mature thought best in romantic ideals. He set himself with rigorous and patient minuteness and unfaltering ingenuity to a close struggle with the trivial and prosaic details of actual life. He contended against materialistic conceptions of life, against "machinery," and against the worship of the favorite idols of a commercial and industrial age. He sought to quicken in his fellows the life of the spirit and to enlarge the range of their imaginations. He made familiar to Englishmen novel ideas and novel points of view derived from abroad. In every way he sought to increase the power of spiritual and poetic ideals, always within the limits imposed by a sane regard for conventional standards of thought and feeling and for the *common* sense. One is sometimes tempted to say impatiently that in his poetry Arnold's typical hero is, after all, that philosophical poltroon Empedocles, who in despair over the unloveliness of actual life flings himself headlong into a crater. Whether or no this be a fair charge, certain it is that in his prose criticism of life Arnold's model of all excellence, his lord and master, is Goethe, whose "large and luminous view" he sought loyally to attain to and whose union of sane practicality with idealistic fervor he recommends and emulates.

When we turn to Carlyle from Arnold we seem going back to an earlier age. Carlyle is far more audaciously loyal than Arnold to the idiom and the manner of the idealists. In "Sartor Resartus" he at times attacks the deadening power of custom and convention with almost the virulence of the revolutionists. Custom, he points out, makes "dotards" of us all, subjects us to routine, victimizes us and materializes us in countless ways. It is because of his desire to free men from conventional blindness that in "Sartor Resartus" he makes such persistent and often such grotesque use of the famous clothes-metaphor. He aims by the very grotesqueness of his imagery to shock men out of their slavery to conventional ideas, to emancipate them from the customary, to stir them to a fresh envisagement of the facts of life, to compel them to realize that their beliefs, their religious forms and creeds, their political institutions, their intellectual systems ought not to be adopted with the conventional nonchalance with which one accepts the traditional and correct thing in hats and trousers. In lieu of the materialistic and so-called common-sense notions about man and life and the universe that the ordinary Englishman unthinkingly contents himself with, Carlyle aims to substitute spiritual and even mystical conceptions. He would replace or at any rate supplement eighteenth-century sound sense with German transcendentalism. He quotes from that fierce

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realist, Swift, a definition of man,—“a forked straddling animal with bandy legs,”—and adds, “yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.” This is typical of Carlyle’s method and aim. He was the first Englishman to deal victoriously in widely read prose with that fallacious and cynical distrust of genius and imagination and of all the more mysterious elements in human nature which had ruled eighteenth-century thought and literature since at least the days of Swift.

Carlyle’s transcendentalism, as expounded in “Sartor Resartus,” is, of course, nowadays an old and somewhat discredited story. Transcendentalism is apt to seem to the modern mind simply one of the beautiful vagaries of a web-spinning age. Yet very beautiful it still is as one follows its elaboration in Carlyle’s richly imaginative dialect. And by more than one generation of readers it has been welcomed with the utmost eagerness as a prevailing defence against those mechanical theories of the universe that so thrive among English Philistines. For Carlyle, the only two realities in the universe are the Divine Will and the Human Will. Nature is a mass of beautiful sensuous symbols whereby God speaks to the human soul. The world is “but an air-image.” Man’s body is “dust and shadow; a shadow-system gathered round our Me; wherein through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh.” Laws, religious beliefs and ceremonies, artistic methods, political institutions, are merely the spiritual forms through which man’s ceaseless striving for ideal ends records its progress and seeks to make this progress continuous and permanent; their dwelling is in the mind of man and their life from generation to generation is a spiritual life. Cities, tilled fields, books—these, too, are but treasures in which infinite spiritual energy has been stored through the past experience of the race. “So spiritual is our whole daily Life; all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida’s Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.” And so Carlyle’s imagination ranges far and wide among the records of civilization, through the regions of nature, over the revolving earth-ball, and throughout the Cosmos, finding underneath material disguises spiritual energy everywhere in play. He unbuilds the seemingly solid frame of the universe and dissolves its base corporeal substance; he refines away all perturbing alloy until he reveals everywhere the pulsing energy of pure spirit—Human Power and Divine Power weaving tirelessly the fabric of existence.

Yet in spite of all his magniloquent dreaming, Carlyle is true or means to be true to the uncompromising facts of life; he dreams only that he may the more victoriously labor; and in his Gospel of Work and his doctrine of Hero-worship he returns from the misty regions of transcendentalism and confronts the practical concerns of common life. No one is more contemptuous than Carlyle of dilettante web-spinning, or of idle playing with emotion. Byron’s egoistic woe, he

scorns and ridicules. One of his mandates in "Sartor Resartus" is "Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe." "What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee?" All the private, individual grieving which the Romanticists had so plangently or so delicately and picturesquely phrased for the delectation of their age Carlyle contemns. He sends the laggard euphuist back to actual life, and bids him forget himself and his fine words in some practical task. "There is endless hope in work." "'Tools and the Man,'—that, henceforth to all time, is now our Epic." "Do the Duty which lies nearest thee." In these principles and precepts, Carlyle reveals a practical, ethical interest not to be found in such purely Romantic prose-writers as Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey; and by virtue of this new and decisive interest he belongs to the later or post-Romantic age. He is not primarily an imaginative artist, not a mere dreamer; he insists that dreams be realized in the hard, unmalleable stuff of life. His "Heroes" are simply the workers who thus victoriously embody their dreams in solid fact. Mahomet, Dante, Luther, Rousseau,—they all saw beyond the conventional shows of things; they were all seers or dreamers; but they were also more than dreamers and triumphantly brought their dreams to pass in some portion or other of the récalcitrant material offered them by the world-order. Carlyle's Hero is the Deformed Romanticist transformed into a laborious worker of results. His last word to beautifully complaining visionaries is a charge that they immerse themselves in the Actual: "Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic?"

On the need, then, of a synthesis between the actual and the ideal, Carlyle insists with much gorgeous rhetoric. But if he be asked for definite and close suggestions about this synthesis, his answers are apt to be vague or even impatient. "Let not any Parliament Member ask of this Editor, What is to be done? . . . Editors are not here, foremost of all, to say How. . . . An Editor's stipulated work is to apprise *thee* that it must be done. The 'way to do it,'—is to try it, knowing that thou shalt die if it be not done." This is both ungracious and tantalizingly elusive. But its vagueness is characteristic of the whole post-Romantic attitude toward conventional life. After all, the post-Romanticists were not passionately enough in love with the actual to follow out its facts and their laws with patient fidelity through all their complications and variations. They saw life and they loved life in its large contours, in its pageantry, under its more moving and

more typical aspects. They lacked the microscopic eye and the ingenious instinct for detail that are characteristic of the modern artist and of the modern commentator on life. It remained for the scientific spirit with its fine loyalty to fact, and for realism with its delicate sense of the worth of the passing moment,—of the *phase*,—to carry still further the return to the regions of the actual.

The Drama

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE

FEW OF THE new plays seen in New York during the past few weeks—and there have been a good many of them—are worthy of consideration in a monthly review. In fact there has been a marked deterioration in the general quality of the local theatrical entertainment since the beginning of the season. "The Ambassador" of Mrs. Craigie, produced with uncommon completeness in Daly's Theatre by Mr. Daniel Frohman, is the only fresh piece which really belongs to the order of high-class comedy, and even this is marred by serious defects of knowledge or judgment. The plot, for instance, although it can lay claim to the distinction of originality and considerable ingenuity, puts a heavy strain upon probability in more places than one, while the central figure, Lord St. Orbyn, belongs to a type of diplomat to be found only in the pages of the modern romantic novel. Something more than an amatory disposition, a good drawing-room manner, a dash of cynical humor, an easy morality, and a catholic taste in the matter of acquaintance, is needed nowadays for the professional outfit of an ambassador. Mrs. Craigie would have been much more discreet if she had made her hero a simple duke, a position for which the qualifications are much more vague and much less exacting. It is difficult, however, to believe in the reality of a rook, such as Major Lascelles is described to be, who is unscrupulous enough to win large sums of money from a boy and, at the same time, sufficiently benevolent to surrender his booty and his victim, with a pleasant smile, simply because he is asked to do so by the daughter of a former friend. This is not the way of the world, and other examples might be quoted where the author's experience is clearly at fault. But on the other hand she often exhibits a shrewd comprehension of individual, particularly of female, character, and a true, if undeveloped, sense of dramatic situation. Her literary capacity, too, is revealed clearly and in entertaining fashion in her dialogue, which is easy, fluent, and natural, and sprinkled liberally with a pleasant spice of humor, wit, and satire. It would be easy to make a bright collection from her many epigrammatic sentences.

Several of her personages are human to a degree quite uncommon

in the contemporary drama. The most vital of them is her Lady Beauvedere, an admirable study of a woman married to the wrong man, widowed in early life, faithful through long years to the memory of her first and only real love, and doomed, while still young, to have the cup of happiness dashed from her lips for the second time at the very moment when she seemed most certain to secure it. She indulges in no heroics, utters no cry. Her social position and her pride make it incumbent upon her to accept her fate with a smile and, having striven in vain to rekindle the old flame in the breast of her fickle admirer, to bestow upon him the hand of her rival. It required the hand of a woman to draw a sketch so delicate and so true, and it is filled in and animated with most noteworthy brilliancy, refinement, and skill by Miss Hilda Spong, one of the cleverest and most versatile of our actresses. Another capital sketch is that of the pompous, dull, prigish, straight-laced, and utterly selfish young attaché, "Bill" Beauvedere, enacted with a singular fidelity, to which his mannerisms contribute, by Mr. E. J. Morgan. The Ambassador, Lord St. Orbyn, as has been intimated, is more of a theatrical puppet than a man, but he is the centre of several excellent situations, and has many telling lines to speak. Mr. John Mason plays him quietly, gracefully, and effectively, in a very workmanlike and artistic way. That he does not endow him with brilliancy or distinction is no fault of his. Where he has a chance to show feeling he exhibits no lack of sincerity. His carriage is excellent. Space will not permit individual mention of the cast, but it was in almost every respect worthy of the best traditions of Daly's Theatre: Miss Mary Mannering, who had not many opportunities for her best work as the heroine, Mrs. Walcot, Elizabeth Tyree, and Rhoda Cameron are all entitled to a word of special commendation. Both the play and the representation reflected credit upon the management.

The "Brother Officers," of Captain Leo Trevor, which Mr. Charles Frohman presented, with his regular company, at the Empire Theatre, is not a masterpiece of dramatic literature or construction, but is a thoroughly wholesome, constantly interesting, and often moving play, which appeals to some of the best instincts of humanity and stirs the feelings deeply, without being in the least degree mawkish or over-sentimental. The theme of it is the nobility of true manhood, and of self-sacrifice for love, and it is handled, not always very skilfully, but with pleasing freshness, simplicity, and sincerity. The hero is an army officer, promoted from the ranks for valor, who at first suffers humiliations on account of his ignorance of the ways of fashionable society, but wins esteem by his manliness and finally proves himself a gentleman in the best sense by resisting a cruel temptation and loyally standing by his friend even at the cost of losing the woman he loves. There is much that is old-fashioned, and not a little that is awkward in the play, but the principal characters are very human, and the humor and the

pathos are both genuine. A melodramatic episode in the third act is inferior in quality to the rest of it, although precious in the eyes of the ordinary play-goer, but the general tone is admirable and the outcome logical and consistent. Moreover, the opportunities for good acting are frequent, and some excellent work is done by Mr. Faversham as the promoted private, by Guy Standing as a gallant but weak young spendthrift, who redeems himself by confession and repentance, and especially by Miss Margaret Anglin, who plays the part of a generous woman with the rarest refinement of manner and charming delicacy of feeling. The entire representation was notably good, and other plays from Captain Trevor's pen will be awaited with interest.

The third piece worthy of commemoration is the "When We Were Twenty-one"—a rather clumsy and misleading title—of Mr. H. V. Esmond. This is a story of four old bachelors, the self-constituted guardians of a young scapegrace, who becomes infatuated with a woman, scarlet in more senses than one, and makes temporary shipwreck of his prospects by secretly marrying her. The first, second, and fourth acts are excellent domestic comedy, but the third, affording a glimpse of "fast" life, is an excrescence, although it can scarcely be called irrelevant. The characters of the middle-aged friends are well drawn and differentiated, and were played effectively by Messrs. Goodwin, O'Brien, Frank Gillmore, and Handyside. Mr. Woodruff also distinguished himself by a spirited and natural performance of the spoiled boy. Mr. Goodwin, in the part of the senior guardian, although as usual more successful in humorous than pathetic passages, displayed genuine feeling in his scenes with the rebellious prodigal, and created a marked effect at the moment of final reconciliation. Here his emotional acting had in it a suggestion of real fervor. He was happiest, however, in the semi-humorous wooing scenes, in which he was cleverly assisted by Miss Elliott. His diffidence in realizing the unexpected happiness almost thrust upon him was both true and amusing. The piece, with the exception noted, is lively, natural, entertaining, and sympathetic, and is certain to be popular.

Other plays of the month may be dismissed very briefly. The "Sapho" of Mr. Clyde Fitch presents little but the coarsest elements in Daudet's story, and the realism of Miss Nethersole's performance is not redeemed by the flashes of dramatic power which she occasionally displays. "The Degenerates" of Mr. Grundy is clever, of course, but grossly exaggerated and exceedingly unpleasant. Mr. Kerr's Duke is the chief feature of the performance. "The Surprises of Love" opens well, and is founded upon a novel and ingenious farcical idea, but weakens as it proceeds, and towards the close oversteps the boundaries of good taste. Miss Elsie de Wolfe enacts the heroine with considerable variety, vivacity, and skill, but is capable of better things. Mr. Belasco's "Naughty Anthony," in its last as in its first estate, is poor stuff.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART

Moments with Art is a dainty volume, in blue and gold, made up of short selections, in prose and verse, from English and American writers, from Shakespeare to Marie Van Vorst, with a line or two from Horace and Ovid, and a sonnet by Michael Angelo. Artists, as a rule, are not readers; but amateurs of art, for whom this booklet has been compiled, may be expected to welcome it. (A. C. McClurg & Co., \$1.00.)

BELLES LETTRES

Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates, by Frederic Harrison, derives an unexpected timeliness from appearing coincidentally with the death of Mr. Ruskin. This coincidence will cause it to be read more promptly and perhaps more widely than would otherwise be the case; yet few books that have lately come to light stand less in need of such accidental advertising. We should hesitate to predict popularity for this collection of essays, however; for Mr. Frederic Harrison belongs to that small and choice but little loved class of writers generically termed critics. He is an ardent admirer of what is pure in spirit, strong in character, and polished and perfect in form; but admiration of an admirable work of art, or of an admirable writer, never blinds him to the imperfections of a literary product, or the shortcomings of its author. Thus, while he holds Ruskin to be the greatest master of English prose that ever lived, he believes his style to be "very far from a perfect style: much less is it in any sense a model style, or one to be cultivated, studied or followed." It amuses one to be reminded that this ardent eulogist of Ruskin is one of those who have felt the lash of his invective—"one of those outcasts on whom the club of 'Fors Clavigera' has smitten a shrewd blow." In treating of Tennyson Mr. Harrison is as cordial in praise as he is candid in criticism; and his method is the same in treating of Mill, and of certain writers not named in the title of his book—Arnold, Symonds, Gibbon, Lamb, Keats, Froude and Freeman. This method, we repeat, is not that which the general reader, the large buying public, likes. It wants unstinted eulogy or unmitigated condemnation. So the author of "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill" must continue to content himself with an audience fit though comparatively small. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Larger Temple Shakespeare, edited by Israel Gollancz, and published, "with many illustrations, antiquarian and topographical," by J. M. Dent & Co., is printed on better paper than the regular Temple Edition, and in volumes containing not a single play each, but several of the plays. Thus, in Vol. III. are to be found "The Merchant," "As You Like It," "The Taming," and "All's Well"; and in Vol. IV., "Twelfth Night," "The Winter's Tale," and "Cymbeline." The frontispiece of the former is the Stratford bust, in colors; and of the latter, the Ely House portrait, now in the possession of the Birthplace Trustees. Vols. V. and VI. contain "King John," "Richard II.," "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," and Part I. of "Henry VI." The editor's delightful introduction and notes reappear, and the illustrations add a new charm to an already popular edition of the greatest contribution any one man has made to English literature. (Macmillan, \$1.50 each.)

Pepys's Ghost was, in its inception, a happy thought. To chronicle the experience of a New York journalist of to-day in the manner of the immortal diarist, was to strike a new note in an ancient manner. The book's weakness is its lack of humor. There is a certain amount of humor in Mr. Edward Emerson, Jr.'s, imitation of Mr. Samuel Pepys's artlessness of style; but there is hardly enough of it to justify the writing of a whole book, even though that book be a very small—and a very pretty—one. (R. G. Badger & Co., \$1.25.)

Microcosmographie; or, A Piece of the World Discovered in Essays and Characters, by John Earle, is one of the best of the daintily printed Temple Classics, edited by Israel Gollancz. The characterizations of a child, of a raw young preacher, of an antiquary, of a mere dull physician, etc., are, as a rule, caustic, concise, epigrammatic and full of worldly wisdom. The first edition was published 272 years ago, when the essayist was only twenty-seven. (Macmillan, 75c.)

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

The Story of Lewis Carroll contains the author's reminiscences of the Oxford professor, and an amusing diary of one of her visits to Oxford, in 1888, written in a type-like hand by the Rev. Mr. Dodgson himself. This is only one of several reproductions of Carroll's handwriting; and there is a picture of him and four of the author, who, it appears, once impersonated the heroine of "Alice in Wonderland" in a

dramatic production of the story. Nothing could be more baseless than Miss Isa Bowman's claim, on the title-page of her booklet, to be "the real Alice," who is well-known to have been Miss Alice Liddell. The little volume is an interesting supplement to "The Life and Writings of Lewis Carroll." (Dutton, \$1.00.)

Aaron Burr, by Henry Childs Merwin, gives in 150 small pages the life of a man than whom no man was ever more warmly loved or bitterly hated. It is based on James Parton's "Life of Burr," which, admirable biography that it is, did not quite succeed in laying bare the central motive of Burr's character. To reveal this motive is Mr. Merwin's object. The book is one of the "Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans," edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. It is most readable. (Small & Maynard, 75c.)

J. Cuthbert Hadden's **Thomas Campbell** is the thirty-first of the famous Scots Series. Due acknowledgment is made by the author to Beattie's "Life of Campbell" and to Cyrus Redding's "Reminiscences." Mr. Hadden's literary enthusiasm does not carry him into prejudiced judgments. (Imported by Scribner, 75c.)

Recollections of Johannes Brahms, by Albert Dietrich and J. V. Widmann, gives details of the musician's life from 1853 to 1874, and from 1886 to 1897, when he died on April 3d. Prof. Dietrich was a member of the Dusseldorf group of musicians who gathered around Schumann and his gifted wife. Dr. Widmann, the eminent Swiss *litterateur*, knew Brahms when his genius had flowered. The amiable disposition of the musician, his brusqueness, his large and strong soul which felt the need of disguising its true self by that very brusqueness—all these characteristics are brought out in the reminiscences. The translation by Dora E. Hecht is admirable in its idiom. (Imported by Scribner, \$2.00.)

Pompeii: Its Life and Art, by August Mau, is a book that will be valuable to the student as well as to the general public. It begins with an account of the city before A.D. 79, and of the various efforts at excavation. The author carefully describes the ancient buildings, the art and architecture of the different periods, and tells of the life of the city in such a manner as to make a perfect picture even for the most unimaginative. The technical and archaeological part of the work is simply yet scientifically treated; the Greek or Latin words that must be given in the original are translated immediately in the text, and though Professor Mau has spent twenty-five summers in the dry dust of the ruins of Pompeii, he cannot be accused of having sprinkled any of it over his book. The illustrations comprise ten full-page photographs, and numerous engravings in the text, as well as drawings and plans, some of them illustrating modern restorations of ancient buildings. The very scholarly translation is by Prof. Francis W. Kelsey, and the work is published in English before its appearance in Germany. (Macmillan, \$6.00.)

The Story of France, by Thomas E. Watson, is in two volumes, the second of which is now before us. Mr. Watson's style is as picturesque, as striking, and as unconventional in this volume as it was in his first. He leaves out nothing that can relieve history from the aspersion of dryness or dullness, and tells with commendable fearlessness the details of French Court life before the Revolution. Some one has called Imbert de St. Amand's volumes "sugar-coated history." Mr. Watson's might be called "scandal-sprinkled history"; but as scandal, particularly *à la Française*, is apt to be piquant and enlivening, the author's frankness does not detract from the interest of his work. But it would be unfair to Mr. Watson to imply that there is nothing else that is interesting in his history, and those who do not object to rather slangy language and an entirely original literary style will find amusement and instruction in these pages, which have doubtless cost their author much labor and research. The second volume tells the Story of France from the death of Louis XV. to the Consulate of Napoleon. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

The Life of Mme. de Longueville, by Mrs. Alfred Cock, is a well-written, clear, and interesting history of one of the most fascinating women of the seventeenth century, and of the stirring days of the Fronde. The author never allows the impersonality of her heroine to bias her judgment, and treats the darkest and stormiest parts of Mme. de Longueville's life in an admirably just and delicate manner. The book is a charming addition to the history of the brilliant women of the period. (Scribner, \$2.25.)

Briton and Boer is a discussion of both sides of the South African Question by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.; Sydney Brooks, a diplomat; Dr. F. V. Engelburg; Karl Blind; Andrew Carnegie; Francis Charnes; Demetrius C. Boulger; Max Nordau. The book is a series of separate articles reprinted by permission from *The North American Review*. It contains maps and illustrations. Probably no more authentic book on the subject exists, for the reason that all sides are ably presented. The cover is in flaming red and yellow, with designs in black. (Harper, \$1.25.)

The History of the Great Boer Trek and the Origin of the South African Republics, by the late Hon. Henry Cloete, LL.D., Her Majesty's High Commissioner for Natal, 1843-44, has been edited by his grandson, W. Broderick-Cloete, M.A. The book consists of five lectures delivered to the Literary Society of Pietermaritzburg in 1852-55, and now reprinted because they contain a condensed and dispassionate statement of facts. They are of especial value historically in that they were written within ten years after the Natal settlement. (Imported by Scribner, 75c.)

A History of the United States, 1862-64, is the fourth volume of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's great work, which is to extend from the Compromise of 1850 to 1885. In the stately march of events, which this historian expects to record in seven or eight volumes, he has now accomplished about one half of his task and passed the years of greatest danger to the United States. The present volume begins with McClellan's Peninsular campaign, in the spring of 1862, and ends with the reelection of Lincoln, in November, 1864. This volume together with the previous one and the one that is to follow — on which the historian is now at work — will give the first thorough and unbiased general history of the interesting and important period from the election of Lincoln in 1860 to that of Grant in 1868. The author's scholarship is so thorough and his judgment so impartial that he is not likely to have an equal in these respects, or even a serious rival. His volumes are indispensable to persons wishing to obtain a full and clear view of these years. (Harper, \$2.50.)

History of the Civil War, 1861-1865, by James Schouler, is the completion of his six-volume "History of the United States Under the Constitution," the publication of which began about twenty years ago. Although Professor Schouler's style and methods are far from satisfactory to scholars, because snarled construction, superficiality, and bias are often more conspicuous than lucidity and thoroughness, this narrative is spirited, concise, and often picturesque. As the author served in the Civil War and made good use of his opportunities, he has been able to give his story some important realistic touches. His accounts of life in the North and in the South, with the armies, in the cities, and elsewhere, are peculiarly valuable. For the average reader, who wants to get a view of nearly all phases of life in the United States, and can spare time for only one book, this is probably the best one to select. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50.)

Salmon Portland Chase, a recent volume of the American Statesmen Series, by Professor Bushnell Hart of Harvard has long been promised. Chase was a man generally known to have many enemies, but of all of them he himself was the one that did the most harm to his reputation. He was truly great and good, but he had so large a number of annoying failings that until lately no one has ever had the patience and industry to study his career thoroughly; and only a scholar of large mind and uncommon judgment could do this to advantage. At last Chase has been rescued from himself, his enemies, and his earlier biographers. Professor Hart has brought order and a delightful, thorough, and impartial biographical narrative out of a chaos of misunderstandings, inconsistencies, noble deeds and ill-balanced ambitions. The volume has uncommon historical value besides being extremely entertaining. Considering the difficulties of the author's undertaking the result must be regarded as one of the marked successes of this very successful series. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)

Charles Francis Adams, by his son and namesake, is the latest addition to the American Statesmen Series. The public career of Charles Francis Adams is one of the strangest and most faultless in American history. Although it extended over only thirteen years its value to the nation earned for him a place among the five or six greatest men of the period of the Civil War. Now for the first time this career is described with care and surprising impartiality from as reliable and complete records as a biographer could wish for. Whoever likes a smooth and lucid biography chiefly about a diplomatist that succeeded with almost every question he took up — and made perfect successes out of the really important ones — will find this volume intensely interesting and highly instructive. The present author has proved that there is at least one exception to the rule that a son is not the best biographer. Many new and important facts are brought out about the relations between the United States and Great Britain between the time of the beginning of the Civil War and that of the settlement of the *Alabama* claims. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)

Men and Things I Saw in Civil War Days, by James F. Rusling, is an account of the experiences and opinions of an officer in the quartermaster's department, in different armies, from 1861 to 1865. Essays on Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan, Grant, Lee, "Campaigning and Soldiering," "A Great Quartermaster" (Gen. Robert Allen), and "The Angel of the Third Corps" (Helen L. Gilson), are followed by 160 pages of "Army Letters," written by the author when he was at or near the front. Although the essays as a

whole are not worth serious consideration or careful reading, they contain a few observations and descriptions that will be valuable to students and historians. What he has to say about the working of the quartermaster's department is the only substantial contribution to the history of the time. Excepting about a score of passages, the many letters are chiefly puerile and personal. A book of half the size and price of this one might have been pardonable. (Eaton and Mains, \$.)

Rembrandt is a collection of fifteen pictures and a portrait of the painter, with introduction and interpretation by Estelle Hurl. The pictures are fairly representative of the artist's work in portraiture and Biblical illustration, in landscape and genre study, and in painting and etching. The difficulties of reproduction are admirably met. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

The Dictionary of National Biography, edited by Sidney Lee, has reached Volume LXI.—Whichcord to Williams. Not only is it alphabetical, but it has a voluminous index. (Macmillan, \$3.75.)

Prefixed to **Thucydides**, translated into English by Benjamin Jowett, M.A., is an essay on inscriptions and a note on the geography of Thucydides. The present books are the second edition, revised. (Clarendon Press, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

Bismarck and the Foundation of the German Empire, by James Wycliffe Headlam, M.A., is the twenty-fifth volume in the Heroes of the Nation Series, edited by Evelyn Abbott, M. A. The larger part of the book was completed before the great statesman's death, although the publication was postponed for a year. (Putnam, \$1.50, illustrated.)

The Collapse of the Kingdom of Naples, by H. Remsen Whitehouse, lately of the United States diplomatic service in Italy, traces the various causes which led to the overturning of the despotism under Ferdinand II. and Francis II. by that audacious patriot, Garibaldi. (Bonnell, Silver & Co. New York, \$1.50.)

The Destruction of Ancient Rome, by Rodolfo Lanciani, D.C.L. (Oxford), LL.D. (Harvard), Professor of Ancient Topography in the University of Rome, consists of a sketch of the history of Roman monuments. It contains forty-five illustrations. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Madame Dreyfus, by Josephine Lazarus, is a sympathetic appreciation of a brave Frenchwoman. (Brentano, 50c.)

Henry Knox, by Noah Brooks, contains all the facts in the life of this Major-General in the Continental Army, Washington's Chief of Artillery, First Secretary of War under the Constitution, and Founder of the Society of the Cincinnati. The book is well illustrated. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

Theodore Beza, the Counsellor of the French Revolution (1519-1605), by Henry Martyn Baird, Ph.D., Professor in New York University, is Volume IV. in the Heroes of the Reformation Series. This is the first English biography of Beza. It is based on Keppe's and Baum's Biographies, on Beza's own autobiographical notes and letters, on his extended treatises, and on the original chronicles and memoirs of the time. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

The Africanders, a Century of Dutch-English Feud in South Africa, by Le Roy Hooker, gives the History of the war up to October 11, 1899. Olive Schreiner's opinions and Cecil Rhodes's pictures are conspicuous. The sixteen illustrations are almost good. One is unnecessary. We are all reasonably familiar with the features of President Kruger. There is a large map, and no index. (Rand, McNally, \$1.25.)

Recollections of My Mother, by Susan I. Lesley, is a memoir of Mrs. Ann Jean Lyman (1789-1867) of Northampton,—a picture of domestic and social life in New England in the first half of the nineteenth century. The volume is a reprint of a memoir written in 1876 for private circulation, and now published for the first time. Two editions have heretofore been "printed, not published," at the suggestion of Dr. E. E. Hale. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.50.)

Voices of Freedom and Studies in the Philosophy of Individuality, by Horatio W. Dresser, acknowledges the author's debt to Prof. William James's suggestive work in philosophy. The eight essays discuss, among other things, freedom of the will, the absolute, and the Vedanta. (Putnam, \$1.25.)

For Brook Farm, its Members, Scholars, and Visitors, by Lindsay Swift, we have long been waiting. The literature of the subject is not inconsiderable, but it is not well ordered. Mr. Swift's aim is to speak of the men and women concerned in this most romantic incident of New England Transcendentalism from the personal side, as each was affected by the life at Brook Farm. There is a copious index to this interesting book. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)

The Knights of the Cross, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, is translated without the author's authority by Dr. Samuel A. Binion. The cover and the title page give the reader no information that this pirated edition is incomplete. Only when he reaches

the last two lines of the second volume does he learn that the further adventures of Zbyszko will be found in a subsequent volume. The preface laments that so few of Poland's great writers are not more widely known. It will not be Dr. Binion's fault if they are not known, to judge from his present zeal. The dedication to the Hon. William T. Harris, LL.D., Commissioner of Education, is a sorry compliment to pay to a man who stands for literary principle. The frontispiece of the second volume is a photogravure of the translator. (R. F. Fenno, 2 vols., \$2.00.)

Les Précieuses Ridicules, by Molière, is issued in paper as No. 7 in *Classiques Français*. The biographical memoir and explanatory notes are by C. Fontaine, B.L., LL.D., Director of French and Spanish Instruction in the High Schools of Washington, D.C. (Jenkins, 25 cents.)

A Short History of the Expansion of the British Empire (1500-1870), by William Harrison Woodward, of Christ Church, Oxford, Principal of the University Training College, Liverpool, belongs to the Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges. The book is not a manual, for the reason that events have been emphasized or passed over according to their bearing on the broad underlying principles governing British Expansion. Maps, a bibliography, tables, and conveniently arranged dates make the book valuable. (Cambridge University Press, 4/.)

The Story of the Eclipses, by George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, is simply told for general readers, with especial reference to the total eclipse of the sun of May 28, 1900. On that day the line of totality in the United States will cross the Southern States, proceeding as far north as Norfolk, Va., when it will leave the coast. (Appleton, Library of Useful Stories, 40 cents.)

Plant Structures, by John M. Coulter, A.M., Ph.D., Head of the Department of Botany in the University of Chicago, is a second book of botany. "Plant Relations" was the author's first book. This new book is intended for reading and study in connection with laboratory work. It is profusely illustrated. (Appleton, \$1.20.)

Library Reports on Popular Books

The *New York Times Saturday Review of Books and Art* says of this new department of THE CRITIC:—"This feature of THE CRITIC cannot fail to interest the merely curious as well as the literary student. Perhaps no other scheme could so adequately reveal what books in the various branches of literature particularly appeal to the American public."

The following lists are of the books most in demand, during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of The Critic by the librarians of the libraries mentioned or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK CITY

MERCANTILE LIBRARY, ASTOR PLACE. W. T. PEOPLES, *Librarian*.

Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.50.)
 Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribners, \$5.00.)
 Map of Life. Lecky. (Longmans, \$2.00.)
 Life and Letters of John Everett Millais. Millais. (Stokes, \$10.00.)
 Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1899. (Houghton, \$2.50.)
 Early Married Life (Maria Josepha) Lady Stanley. Adeane. (Longmans, \$5.00.)
 Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)
 Abraham Lincoln. Hapgood. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 In Ghostly Japan. Hearn. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.)
 Paolo and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.25.)
 Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY, 109 UNIVERSITY PLACE. F. B. BIGELOW, *Librarian*.

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- Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)
 Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.50.)
 Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. Whipple. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)
 Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Life and Letters of Sir J. E. Millais. Millais. (Stokes, \$10.00.)
 Stones of Paris. Martin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Pompeii. Mau. (Macmillan, \$6.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

- In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

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 Recollections of Sir Algernon West. (Harper, \$3.00.)
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
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 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
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